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THE SPHERE, JULY 13, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII
No. 1851
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
JULY 13 1935

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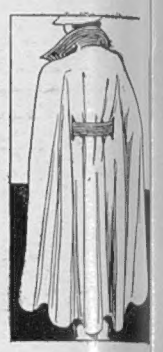

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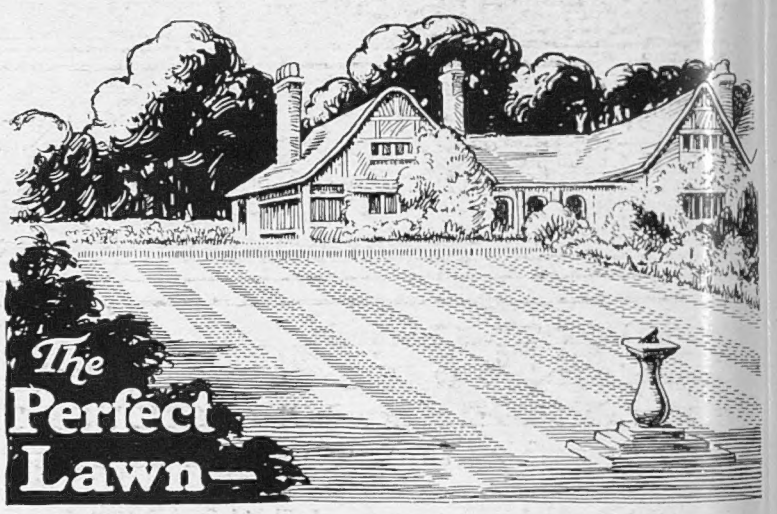

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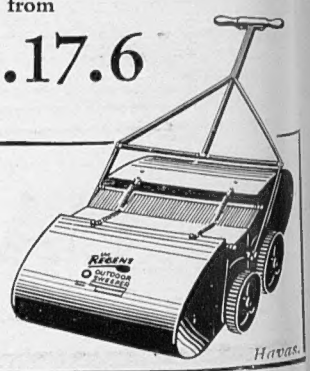

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 13, 1935

Local Colour at Bisley

A Soldier, a Sailor, and a Competitor from the Gold Coast Walking to the Ranges on the Opening Day of the Meeting

The annual Imperial meeting of the National Rifle Association, which began in ideal weather conditions on Monday of this week, will continue until the evening of July 20, when Lord Jellicoe will present the King's Prize and distribute about £8,000 worth of trophies won during the fortnight. This year's meeting is of particular interest on account of the number of innovations that have been made. In the first place, owing to the attention of the Services having been engaged upon preparing for the Royal Reviews at Aldershot and Spithead, many men from the Army and Navy have been unable to act as register keepers on the firing points and, in most cases, these duties have had to be taken over by the competitors themselves. On the whole the new system has worked well, although some have complained against the eye-strain involved and its consequent adverse effect on their marksmanship when their own turn comes to fire. Other important changes are the introduction of the Pattern '14 rifle—a weapon of undoubted accuracy which is on trial as a substitute for the S.M.L.E.—and the employment of the latest type of cartridge with streamline bullet and non-rust cap. Both of these, which are likely to prove their efficiency beyond all doubt, provide examples of Bisley's use as a testing-out place for new ideas

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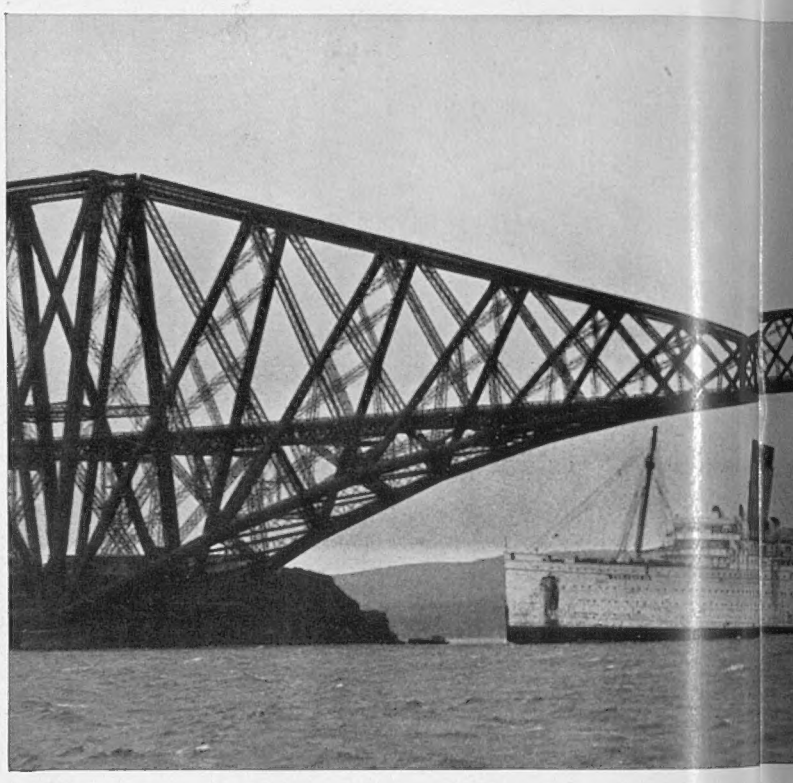
ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS: A rural scene in the grounds of Marlborough House, Pall Mall, during the Children's Garden Party held in aid of the Reconstruction Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children Great Ormond Street. Up to now about £81,000 has been collected out of the £400,000 needed by this hospital



JOURNEY'S END: The *Mauretania*, with her masts shortened by 40 ft., passing the [illegible] broken up after twenty-eight years of service. From the moment she left [illegible] Atlantic" received tributes from everyone on her course. In reply to [illegible] where she was built, her captain sent the following radio message to [illegible] "*Thank you for your greeting. For twenty-eight years have I striven to be a [illegible] out to further and greater triumphs. With [illegible]*

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 10, 1935.

ALTRUISM IN DIPLOMACY.—A Government's offer of British territory to a foreign Power in order that the recipient might be more ready to concede the demands of another foreign Power is an advanced step in altruism and diplomacy. To offer British territory to a foreign Power without consulting Parliament must be a very unique occurrence. Britain formerly was not highly regarded as a diplomatist in European quarrels. To-day she is commère of the League, and is apparently ready to put her hand deep into her purse to make the show go with a swing. It is a very interesting occurrence and was a big experiment. Surely Mr. Baldwin is nothing if not bold, and Mr. Eden is his Minister of grace. But Mussolini refused to accept what wasn't offered to him, viz., a strip of British Somaliland giving to shoreless Abyssinia access to the Red Sea or the Gulf of Aden. Italian Somaliland is a narrow littoral stretch that runs the eastern length of Abyssinia and keeps her from the Indian ocean all along the line. A not very healthy spot. One lately back from Italy declared that rumour there was rife that disease was playing the deuce with the Duce's troops, and that war was gloomily prophesied as a certainty before the year ended. Italy, indeed, is not so wholehearted for her dictator as seems Germany for Hitler. Patriotism when it demands the conversion of solid nest-eggs into the doubtful lira is "all very well." Devalued lira, a war, and the possibility of a defeat in the course of it, and the likelihood of casualties by disease, all these possibilities may make the hottest patriot cool. They are none of them possibilities which could benefit Mussolini or help Italy.

PRECEDENTS AND REFLECTIONS.—It is small wonder if our Government's attempt to solve the Abyssinian question off its own bat evoked expressions of alarm and surprise, and produced a deal of commentary. For precedent of a similar kind, every historian must search in vain. For precedent of cession of British territory in the course of negotiations between Britain and another Power, there was the cession of Jubaland to Italy in 1924 which was confirmed by Parliament; that of Heligoland to Germany in 1890 received the assent of Parliament. Even as fairy godmother of the League, our creed must remain the principle of *collective* security. There is nothing collective about this very individual offer which, had it been accepted and even if it had proved effective, would no doubt have evoked (and has evoked) a great deal of ill-natured criticism or jealousy from other members of the League. Small wonder if certain sections of the Press wearily ask what good has come to Britain or Europe from these endless adventurings of hopeful British minister-diplomats to the capitals of Europe. The story of Abyssinia and Italy in recent months must appear to many as the last chapter in the history of the League. Abyssinia's admission, against the advice of Britain and backed by France and Italy, followed by the banning of the export of arms into her territory, and her exploitation by Italy while the League looked on until Britain made this forlorn and individual gesture, is a story of vacillation. Italy believes that war is now certain in Abyssinia. None knows what Mussolini has up his sleeve; none who knows him conceives that he is either to be bluffed or hoodwinked. He is no fool and no weakling. Whatever comes of it, the League's goose seems to many to be cooked and the repercussions of the expected trouble in Abyssinia may deafen Central Europe. Meanwhile Abyssinia has made an embarrassing appeal to America as a fellow signatory to the Briand-Kellogg Pact which America initiated.

CINCINNATUS OF CHURT.—Cincinnatus has waited long at Churt, expecting that call from the nation to return to Downing Street to put things right. But the call has been mysteriously delayed, the nation having shown a curious patience with the National Government and a definite approval of its achievements towards reconstruction, and its sincere and even altruistic efforts to promote disarmament and peace. Meanwhile Cincinnatus has raised enormous apples and potatoes at Churt. But a potato (like patriotism) is "not enough" and Mr. George put the call through himself. The great days of Rome's greatness are to return. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.* "When none was for a party and all were for the State." At the next General Election any candidate will do, to whatever party he belong; *provided* he answer the Lloyd George questionnaire satisfactorily he will get the Lloyd George ticket and will thereafter owe no responsibility but to his conscience and to Cincinnatus. He has only got to promise to think and do exactly the opposite of what the National Government has thought and done in the past four years, and to endorse the New Deal (as revised and amended by the National Government Committee and the financial experts). That will ensure (besides tremendous authority to Mr. George) a Parliament composed of hundreds of men snatched from "the rut of convention and tradition" and pledged to rebuild a Britain which, rendered defenceless in the present state of Europe, should prove indeed a prize apple to attract to our orchard the marauding boys from every adjoining house. Mr. George is no novice in the art of persuasion by half-truth. He showed last week that he is as brilliant a demagogue as in the old Limehouse days, and has lost nothing of his persuasive inaccuracy. As a speaker he is always attractive and charming. As a man and neighbour he gains admirers and worshippers wherever he goes. For he can make us laugh and has been known to make us cry. We don't know whether to laugh or cry to-day. Somehow I cannot feel that the Council of Action will either galvanise the nation at long last into activity on the new and only right lines, or drive a wedge into the solid national front. For though Mr. George is no stranger to political strategy, neither is he a stranger to-day to the student of politics, or indeed to the average voter.

A SOTHEBY "SENSATION."—The F.O. provided a mild sensation for London's fashionable gathering at a famous auction of MSS. It put a ban on the sale of Lord Stuart de Rothesay's papers long housed at Highcliffe and now owned by Lord Abingdon. In this notable batch were letters from Wellington (period Waterloo) including a famous Waterloo letter of no technical importance and a number of communications between the Army and the Paris Embassy on technical matters. Sir Charles Stuart who married a daughter of Lord Hardwicke, was Ambassador in Paris from 1815–1830, having previously been at the Hague

In some contemporary diaries which I have been editing—those of the wife of Nelson's Hardy—I note that he was described as "civil but frivolous and not altogether a creditable ambassador for England in Paris." I am all for someone in authority making a stand for the sacredness of official documents. All too many are recklessly published by people of our day who should know better. But Waterloo is "battles long ago"; all official documents (with few reservations) are open to students after fifty years. These documents are 120 years old and I find it hard to believe that the ban was placed because some of them may have divulged our espionage methods of twelve decades ago! Surely the War Office has moved a little with the times and the F.O. also! More likely far, it is the title to, and not the contents of, certain original documents, which caused the caveat and raised an interesting and I daresay salutary principle. We shall learn more in due course.

CANADA ON LORD BESSBOROUGH.—Canadian statesmen last week paid their tribute to the retiring Governor-General, and did so whole-heartedly. The Premier

explained (what indeed needs no explanation since there is no constitutionally fixed "term" of office) that the change of Governors-General was (especially in view of political possibilities) desirable in the autumn and in this autumn, and Lord Bessborough's decision had been partly influenced by the inadvisability of Lady Bessborough's spending another winter in Canada. Conservative and Liberal leaders alike testified to the shrewd judgment, tact, dignity and impartiality with which Lord Bessborough had carried out his onerous duties; and Mr. King, I note, confirmed my recent forecast that Lord Bessborough's term would be memorable for the stimulus he gave to the arts, and in particular to the "little theatre" movement; and these matters are no unimportant part of a Governor-General's functions. Warm tributes were also justly paid to Lady Bessborough's tireless devotion to her duties. The Ponsonbys have had a good record of public service. The family has in the past supplied Ireland with many high officials, including a Viceroy (the 4th Earl); the 2nd Earl was Postmaster-General, and many cadets have filled responsible posts at Court, notably Sir Henry, two of whose sons are now peers and prominent in public life.

NEW PEERS AND THEIR TITLES.— It becomes ever more difficult for new peers to choose a title. The tendency is to retain the surname and such public remembrance of duty done as that name affords. Sir Fritz Ponsonby could not do that since his brother Arthur had stepped in before him. He might perhaps have chosen the title of Lord Tangley from Lady Ponsonby's lovely house near Guildford. He elected, by leave of Lord Bessborough, to take the title of Lord Syzonby. The 1st Earl of Bessborough was made a Peer of Great Britain under the title of Lord Ponsonby of Syzonby (County Leicester) in 1749. Mr. Grenfell has gone to Cornwall for his title and will be known as Lord St. Just. This is appropriate enough, for the common ancestor of all the Grenfells, who now possess three peerages, was Pascoe Grenfell, son of John Grenfell a merchant of St. Just near Penzance. Sir George May retains his surname and links it with Weybridge. Sir Arthur Balfour becomes Lord Riverdale of Sheffield. Lord Wigram and Lord Tweedsmuir complete the Birthday batch, and for various reasons our memory will only be strained to remember the "originals" of two of the six new creations. For Mr. Buchan is already identified as Lord Tweedsmuir, his peerage having coincided with the publicity suitable for a new pro-Consul.

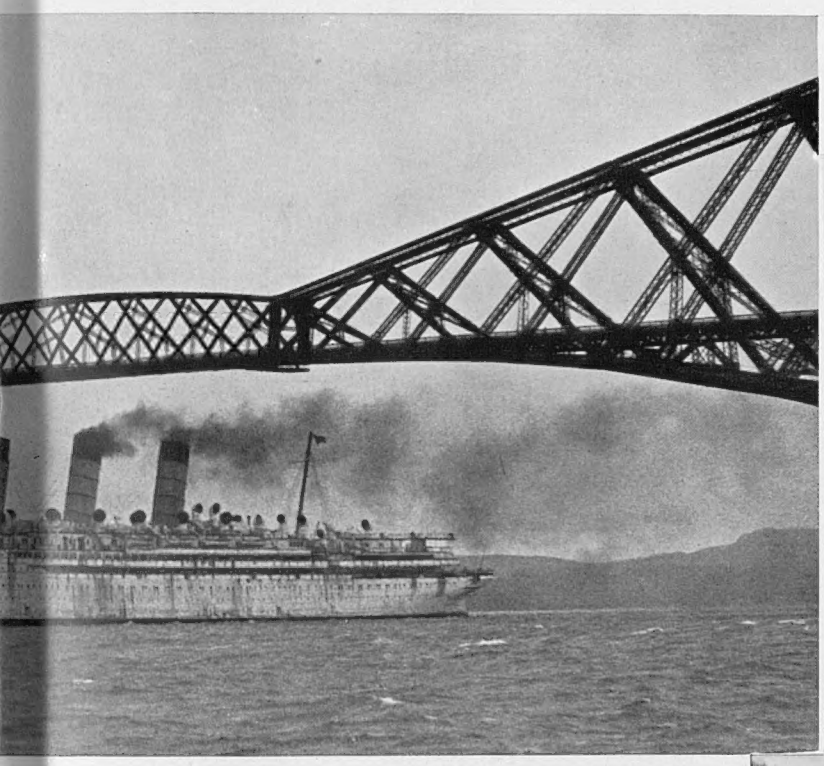
L.N.E.—THE SLEEPER WAKES.—Let me not miss the opportunity of saluting the L.N.E.R. The campaign against noise has penetrated to its directorate and a great idea—an idea which has long germinated in the minds of those who travel north by night—is to be put into practice at once on the big stopping stations on its night routes. Like all great ideas, it is very simple. Porters' trucks are no longer to have wheels with metal tyres. They will be rubber tyred. More than this—engine drivers of night trains will be instructed not to blow off steam or to whistle from a sheer access of high spirits, and guards are to be requested not to yell and slam doors out of sheer fun. The great aim is to ensure that henceforth those expensive luxuries known as "sleepers" shall enjoy some right to the name. The L.N.E. (and other lines) might go even further. They might instruct the ticket collectors that the punching of tickets, held by poorer folk who cannot afford "sleepers," need not be insisted on at *every* stopping place. For half a century it has been the practice of all railway systems in England to insure the wakefulness of all night travellers by turning tickets into lace and the night into a hell of noise and fury. May the L.N.E.'s rivals hasten into line. It is a first-class attraction to the travelling public and the railways should exploit it to the fullest.

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE BUSINESS.— Distinguished alumni performed their time-honoured turns all last week at scores of public school speech days. Schoolboys all over the country were treated to the customary doses of well-considered advice, administered by successful old-boys, and if at the end of the orgy they craved leave to scratch their heads, who shall blame them? They were told of the new spirit which began to permeate public schools in the 'sixties, inculcating a pride in intellectual attainments. They were told that until 1880 schoolboys were encouraged to believe that "real life" only began when term was over. They were told that by the end of the century the test of ability to make money became the criterion by which the value of public school education was judged. They were told that the walking encyclopædia of knowledge might be the most stupid and useless man alive and that the nice old boy nurtured in the classics might well prove a very whale of a good citizen. They were told that *corpus sanum* was more important than *mens sana*, and vice versa; that character was everything and that it was nothing unless guided by intelligence. In a word they were told that to become useful citizens they must concentrate on carpentering and on cricket, on classics and "stinks," on character building and money making, and manfully mortgage the future to pay their debt to the past and vice versa, *mutatis mutandis*. And at last, on a score of rostrums the scene closed in with some flattering words by the headmaster on the distinguished career of their famous alumnus and the truly angelic nature of the boys under his control (a mere figure of speech with *such* boys!), and the meeting dispersed with every tongue (tongue distinguished, tongue donnish, and tongue boyish) stuffed into the appropriate cheek.

A RARITY AMONG WAR-BOOKS.—*Trooper 8008 I.Y.* by the Hon. Sidney Peel was published in 1901 and became something of a "best-seller" among the war books of that day, running through seven editions. It recounted Mr. Peel's experiences of the Boer War as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry. Now after a lapse of thirty-five years — he is Colonel Peel now—he has written his experiences of the great war under the title of *O.C. Beds. Yeomanry* (Oxford University Press). The title and the book are in the nature of a pendant to *Trooper 8008*, in as much as this new volume rounds off a military career begun last century. Colonel Peel commanded the Beds. Yeomanry, which was brigaded with the 15th and 19th Hussars in France (1915–18), from their going out until 1917. His book is a rarity among war-books; for it reproduces with exceptional vividness the various "atmospheres" of war without recourse to a catalogue or sketch-book of horrors. Of mud there is something, of blood and beastliness hardly a sentence. Yet all the thrill and fear and boredom and pride of war come surging across his pages. The four horsemen are rampant behind a kindly curtain. There is humour and shrewd judgment and keen power of observation of men and nature in this very pleasant record of the making of a cavalry regiment and of its part in the struggle on the Western Front.

BARGAINS!—A thrilling word which brings the lust of battle beaconing in women's eyes. The July Sales are on, and the weather is July-Sales' weather. And this year the bargains should be worth sweating for. Think of all that rich stock of expensive fripperies prepared at the beginning of the Jubilee for the summer which only arrived in time for the July Sales. Ladies, to action stations! To-day men as well as women must accept the principle that clothes are no longer heirlooms but ephemeral as butterflies. We must dress for the season and learn the art of scrapping. Up, guards, and at 'em!

THE OLD STAGER



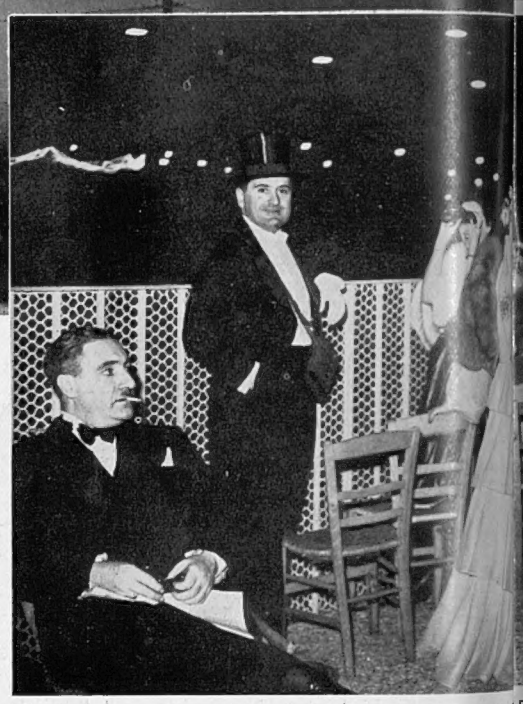
the Forth Bridge as she neared the dockyards at Rosyth where she is to be ampton on this the last of her many voyages the "Grand Old Lady of the borough's welcome she fired off maroons, while when she passed the Tyne, Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Newcastle and the people of the district: o you, and now my day is done. Though I pass on may Tyneside ever reach nd affection I greet you. Farewell,—Mauretania."

AWARD FOR EFFICIENCY: The Prince of Wales presenting the King's Badge to the man adjudged to be the best all-round recruit in the King's Squad—a picture taken at the depôt of the Royal Marines at Deal on July 5. His Royal Highness is wearing the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders as earlier on the same day he presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion of that regiment

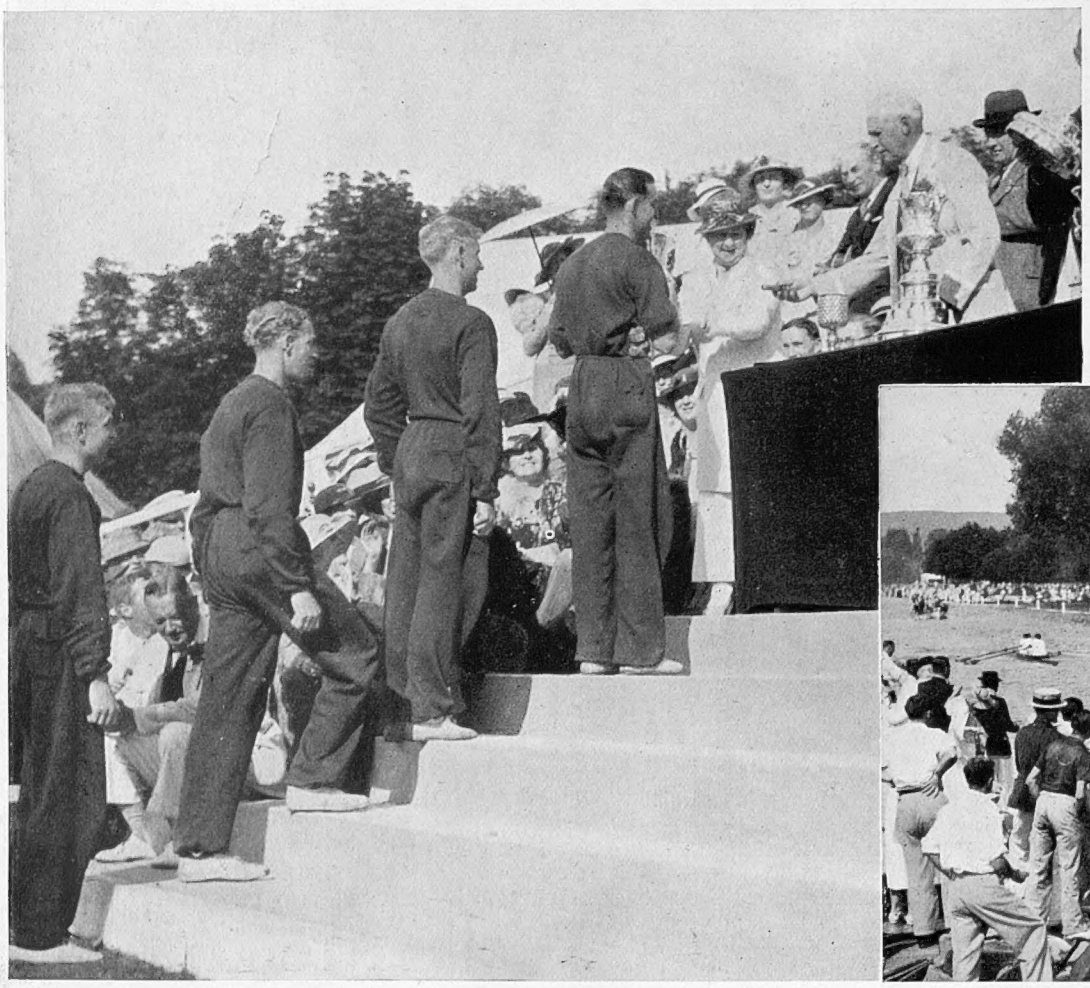
A WEEK OF SPORT:

The Jubilee Race at Longchamp—Zürich Wins the Stewards' C at Henley—The Dog Derby at the White City, and Other Matt

PARIS STEALS A FEW HOURS FROM THE NIGHT: A scene during the giant firework display at Longchamp last Saturday when midnight horse racing, boxing contests, and other attractions brought the people of the French capital flocking to the brilliantly floodlit course. The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was a Jubilee Handicap, with a prize of £2,800, which was held in honour of King George's twenty-five years' reign and was watched by a vast gathering, including the President of the Republic and Madame Lebrun

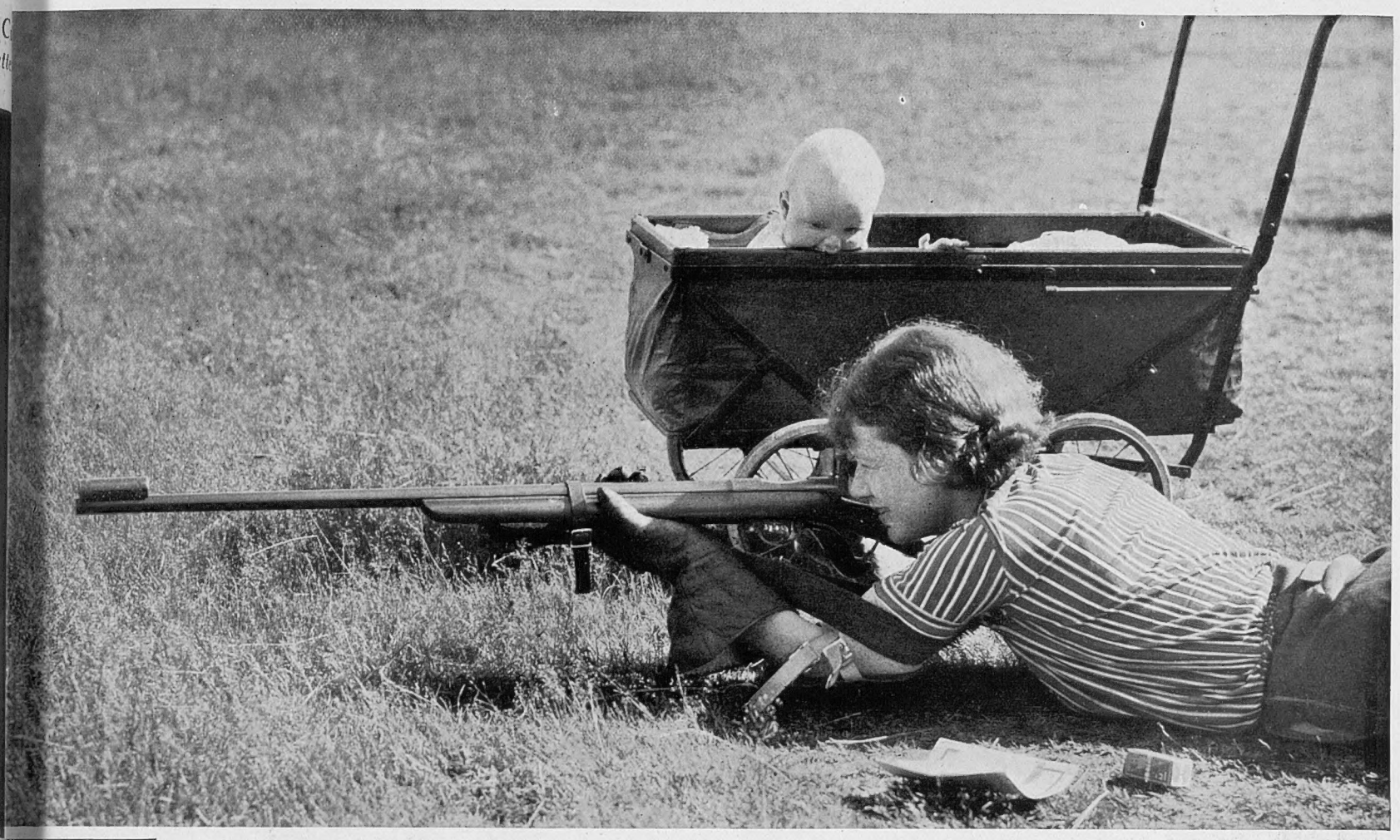


AT LONGCHAMP'S MIDNIGHT RACE MEETING AND Fashi betw over for skirt racegoers on the gaily illuminated lawns during an i evening opened with a gala dinner, which was ser including leaders of Parisian society and many well while thousands picnicked under the trees on th



A NOTABLE SWISS TRIUMPH ON THE LAST DAY OF HENLEY REGATTA: *Left*—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, presenting the Stewards' Cup to members of the Zürich Rowing Club, who won this event in record time and, in so doing, gave a demonstration of four-oared rowing the like of which has never before seen in this country. According to one expert commentator "this was a four such as coaches dream of. Their blades entered and left the water as one blade, and beginning was as quick as lightning." *Right*—A view of the finish of the race showing Zürich nearing the winning post several lengths ahead of their rivals, London The latter put up a gallant fight, and there is some consolation in the fact that their time was three seconds less than the previous best set up by Pembroke last

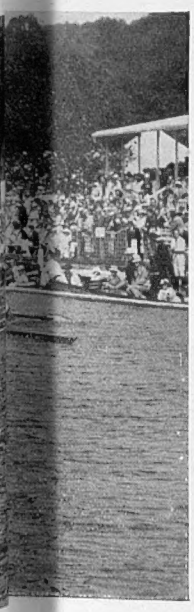
YOUTH ON THE RANGES



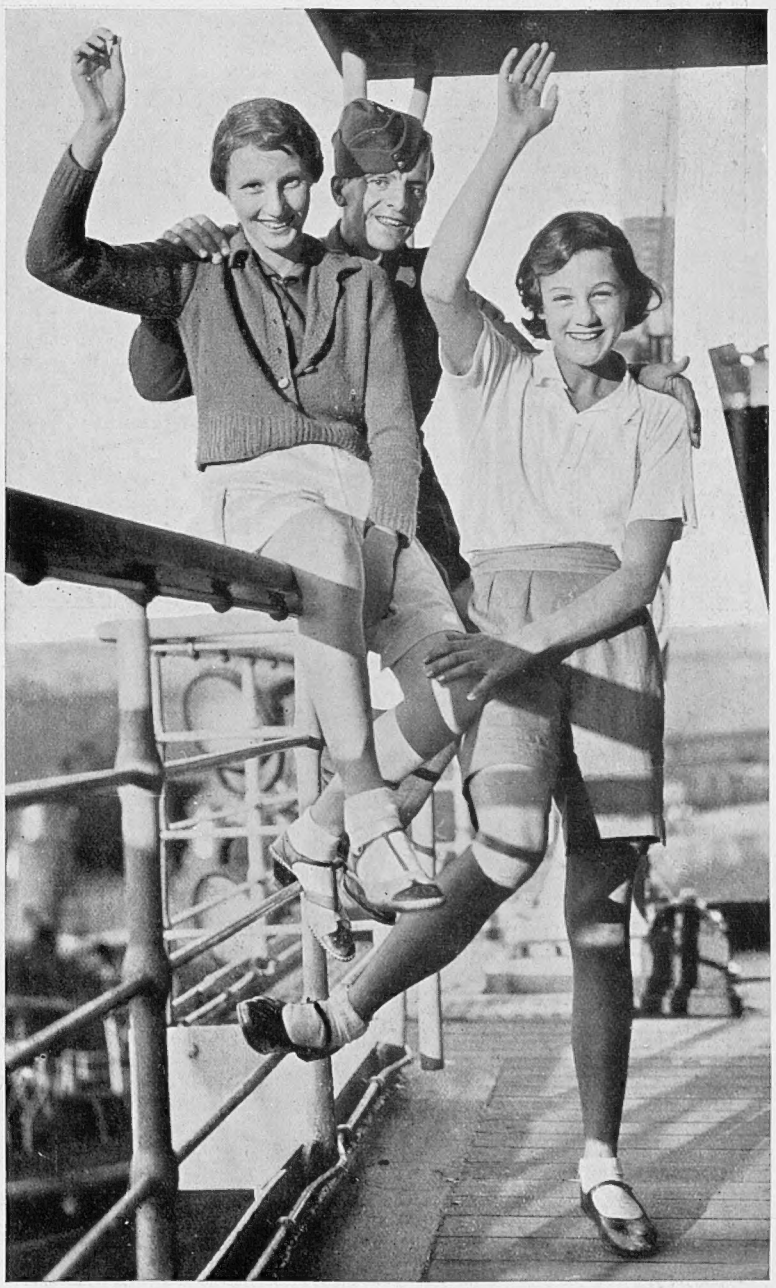
Mrs. R. P. Kershaw, the well-known shot, had her baby as an interested spectator when she was firing in one of the events on the opening day at Bisley of the annual Imperial Meeting of the National Rifle Association. A large number of women are competing this year

Fashionably-dressed between events. The over 1,000 guests foreign visitors, skirts of the course

THE HEROINE OF THE HOUR: Greta Ranee seen with her owner Mr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery (*second from left*) after her brilliant victory in the Greyhound Derby which was run at the White City last Saturday night. On the right is Lady Loch, wife of the Chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, who presented the Cup



A BID FOR FREEDOM: Three young lions escaped last Saturday from a cage in South Park, Darlington, where a fair was being held. One was caught almost immediately, the second was discovered in the backyard of a house, and the third, as this picture shows, was cornered in a greenhouse. None of them did very much damage

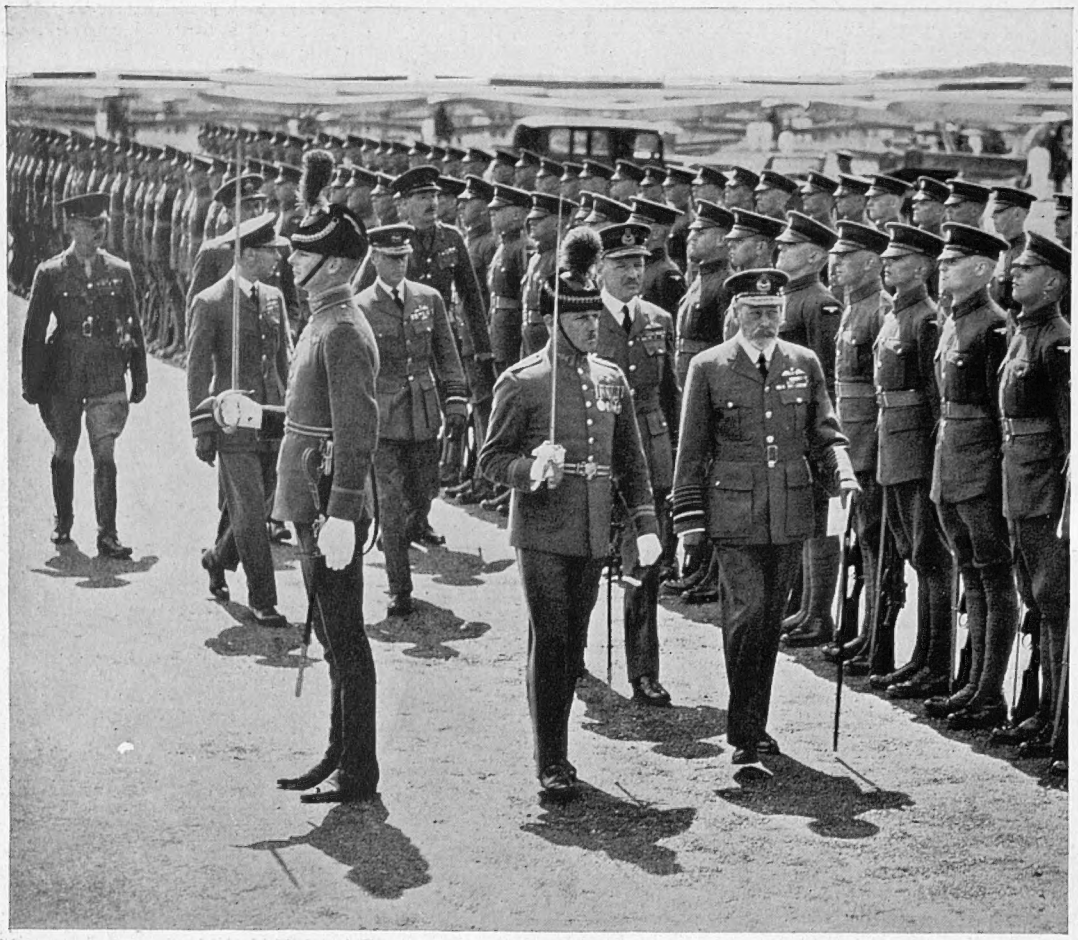


TWO GIRL SURVIVORS OF THE QUETTA EARTHQUAKE with a soldier friend on board the S.S. *Karanja*, the vessel in which they journeyed home from India together with about 900 others who were involved in the disaster. The majority of the passengers were women and children, and special provision has been made for those of them that have been left destitute

THE FIRST ROYAL REVIEW OF THE R.A.F.

The King's Inspection of Thirty-eight Squadrons at Mildenhall Aerodrome

BRITAIN'S AERIAL MIGHT ON LAND: A picture taken as the King, driving in an open car and accompanied by Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, made his tour of inspection of the aircraft and personnel at Mildenhall last Saturday. The tour involved a journey of approximately five miles along the eight lines of 'planes and, including occasional halts to talk with officers and men, occupied nearly an hour



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR: The King, wearing for the first time the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, walking down the ranks shortly after his arrival. In the group behind him are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York who, respectively, hold the ranks of Air Chief Marshal and Air Vice Marshal

READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY: An ambulance, fu... at the aerodrome in case of accidents. Partic... fire as, with such a great assemblage of 'planes a... proved dissa...

Behind the Scenes at Mildenhall

By C. D. PALMER

LAST Saturday's review of the Royal Air Force by H.M. the King was a great deal more than a mere parade. It was the largest concentration of service aircraft which has yet been achieved in this country, and as such provided the Air Staff with a great deal of useful information and experience in dealing with large numbers of aircraft both on the ground and in the air.

In the first place the machines had to be arranged on the ground for review effect, and to this end the squadrons were lined up in blocks placed fanwise in front of the saluting base. The small fast fighters were in front, the slightly larger day bombers and army co-operation machines behind them, and at the rear were the huge night bombers.

Since all the squadrons had to be assembled for rehearsal for a week before the Review elaborate arrangements had to be made for servicing and refuelling the machines after each flight. The ordinary refuelling arrangements of even the largest R.A.F. station are not designed for dealing with such

AN IMPRESSIVE MOMENT: The scene at Mildenhall as the Commander-in-Chief called for three cheers for the King. After this His Majesty re-entered his car and drove to Duxford where he watched the fly past of twenty of the squadrons he had inspected on the ground

gines, and breakdown lorries drawn up elaborate precautions were taken against break at any one point might have

big numbers of machines each of which required fuel after the rehearsals, and which of necessity were parked at a considerable distance from the normal refuelling points. Their requirements were met by the mobile motor petrol tanks which are now regular service equipment. These are six-wheeled vehicles capable of refuelling three fighting machines simultaneously.

In a great concentration of machines like that at Mildenhall a fire at any single point might have proved disastrous, particularly in the strong wind which blew nearly all the week. Hence elaborate precautions were taken against fire, and there was a great assemblage of R.A.F. fire fighting equipment and personnel. R.A.F. firemen were stationed at every important point and arrangements were made to floodlight any part of the machine parks at night.

The night before the review a demonstration of this floodlighting was given which was most effective in showing the value of the dark green paint of the night bombers. By daylight these great machines at the rear of the parade seemed to tower sombrely above the tiny highly polished fighters. In the searchlights the aluminium paint and polish of the fighters flashed back at one out of the gloom, but the dark green paint of the night bombers merged completely into the darkness and only the light-coloured canvas covers over their propellors could be seen from a distance.

Each squadron was allotted a servicing area near the edge of the aerodrome where the machines were serviced and pegged down for the night. One of the most interesting and striking features of the rehearsal days was the speed and efficiency with which squadrons on a word of command given by loud-speaker moved from the servicing

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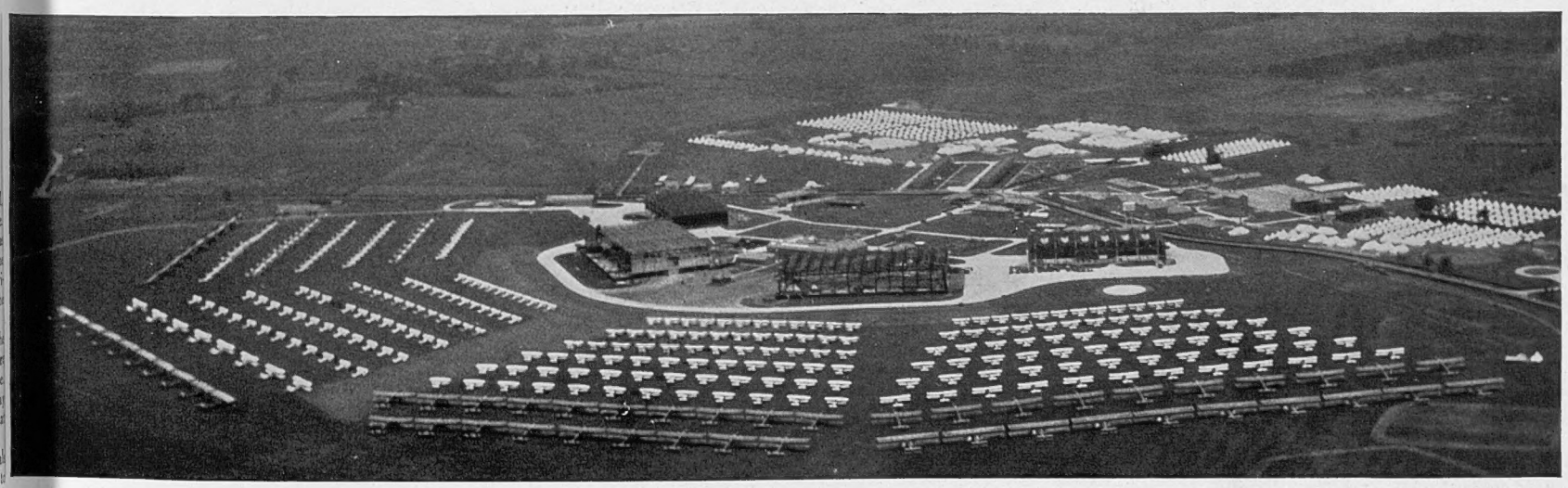

A TRIUMPH OF ORGANISATION: The 356 aircraft comprising thirty-eight squadrons drawn up in arc formation for the Royal visit. In the background are the small fighters; in front of these are light bombers and Army co-operation squadrons, and in the foreground are the giant, olive-green night bombers. With the King's departure after the inspection Mildenhall became a scene of intense activity, as every aeroplane had to be moved to a new position so that 180 of them could take-off for the fly past at Duxford

These Pacts

Is Europe Littered with Scraps of Paper?—What is Their Significance?

By W. HOLT WHITE

THROUGH the archway of the Foreign Office stalked a towering figure with a face of gloom. Sir Samuel Hoare, His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, presumably on his way to lunch.

Round the corner, down the steps, came bounding a figure of dynamic haste. Mr. Eden, Minister for League of Nations Affairs, going somewhere in a hurry. Not, it is to be hoped, to Rome.

The case of Abyssinia, coupled with His Majesty's Government's offer to give away a strip of His Majesty's possessions, plus the cold rage of France at our contracting a separate naval agreement with Germany, had produced a spot of bother at the Foreign Office.

That was last week. This week Sir Samuel Hoare, on the day that this article is published, is engaged to make to His Majesty's Commons one of the most important statements on Foreign Affairs that we shall have heard for a long while.

Does the Duce really mean what he says, or is he merely bluffing, hoping that at the last minute France will lend him a hand out? And if there is a war in Abyssinia, can it be confined to that area? Will Europe blaze up, and all the machinery for peace on which we have so long relied crumble into dust and ashes?

At the moment many people, for some extraordinary reason, imagine that whatever conflagration breaks out in Europe we shall perforce be dragged into it by the Locarno Pacts. Nothing of the kind, of course, need happen.

Meantime, that we should realise precisely where we stand and to what we are and are not committed, it is just as well to have a pretty close look at the structure based on the Covenant of the League of Nations, in which, at the present moment, chaos seems to reign.

The Covenant of the Nations was begotten of the Treaty of Versailles. In the preamble the high contracting parties, in order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security, undertake not to resort to war. Further, in agreeing to the Covenant of the League of Nations, the high contracting parties insisted on the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organised peoples one with another.

Now in the Covenant—which is perhaps best described as the Articles of Association of the League of Nations—it is declared that:

Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations.

It provides for various methods of conciliation and arbitration in the case of a dispute between nations, and also provides for action in case any nation should not accept the award made.

Then come the famous "Sanctions," in which it is laid down:

Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard to its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15, it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, and to prohibit all intercourse at least between persons resident within their territories and persons resident within the territory of the covenant-breaking State and, if they deem it expedient, also between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and to prevent all financial, commercial or personal intercourse at least between persons resident within the territory of that State and persons resident within the territory of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not, and, if they deem it expedient, also between the nationals of that State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE: Mr. Frank Kellogg, the distinguished American diplomatist, about to sign on behalf of the United States the Pact he himself created to outlaw war and to the conditions of which fifteen nations pledged themselves to abide. Nearly seven years have now passed since this agreement was made

It further declares that:

It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

It is these "Sanctions" which have scared so many people. In the light of recent events, they appear to be farcical.

Under the Covenant, things did not improve to any marked degree. The efforts made for Disarmament, which had begun with the Washington Naval Treaty 1921-22, continued on their erratic and unsatisfactory course and things did not look over bright. So in October, 1925, the representatives of the German, British, Belgian, French, Italian and Polish Governments met at Locarno and devised the famous Protocols, some of which have caused so much unnecessary heart-burning.

Briefly, very briefly, it may be said that the Final Protocol established an arbitration convention between Germany and Belgium; an arbitration convention between Germany and France; an arbitration treaty between Germany and Poland and an arbitration treaty between Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Again, briefly, very briefly, machinery was set up for dealing with disputes. Variously the system was that in the first place the disputants could appear before the Permanent Conciliation Commission, an Arbitral Tribunal, or the Permanent Court of International Justice. If no agreement could be arrived at, or one or both of the disputants refused to abide by the rulings of the Courts, then the Council of the League of Nations had to decide what course should be taken.

A cumbersome, but perhaps natural arrangement; evidently one too, in which the principal promoters of the Locarno Conference had themselves no especial confidence. There was introduced into the Final Protocol what is known as Annex A—a Treaty of Mutual Guarantee between Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Italy, which was initialled at Locarno on October 16, 1925.

It is this Annex A—which is mistakenly called the Locarno Pact—which has given so many people so many unnecessary nightmares, the suggestion being that in the event of war breaking out between any of the parties who had signed the various conventions and treaties, this country was to rush sword in hand, without a moment's delay, to the rescue of the aggrieved party. Those who are still under the impression that this is the case should read Paragraph 3 of Article 4 of Annex A. This runs as follows:

In case of a flagrant violation of Article 2 of the present treaty or of a flagrant breach of Articles 42 or 43 of the Treaty of Versailles by one of the high contracting parties, each of the other contracting parties hereby undertakes immediately to come to the help of the party against whom such a violation or breach has been directed as soon as the said Power has been able to satisfy itself that this violation constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression and that by reason either of the crossing of the frontier or of the outbreak of hostilities or of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarised zone immediate action is necessary. Nevertheless, the Council of the League of Nations which will be seized of the question in accordance with the first paragraph of this Article, will

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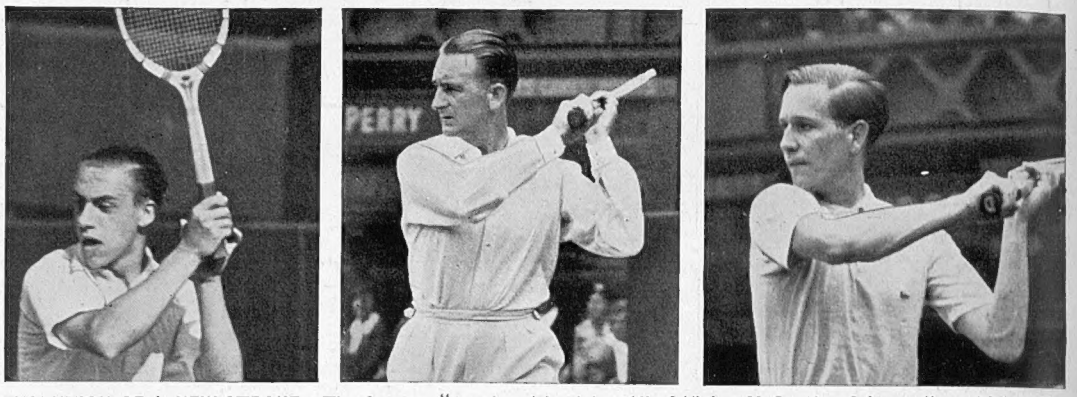


EVOLUTION OF A NEW STROKE: The famous "two-hand back-hand" of Vivian McGrath, of Australia—which when functioning badly costs him match after match but which carried him this year to the round of the last eight at Wimbledon—has, judging from these pictures, quite evidently exercised a profound influence on other players. Here Henkel (*left*) Crawford (*centre*), and Von Cramm (*right*) are shown directing back-hand shots with both hands on their racquets. As yet only McGrath hits the ball and plays the stroke up to the follow-through with both hands, but he has been imitated to a sufficient extent for it to be said that a definitely "new" tennis shot is now in process of evolution

Wimbledon

Mrs. Moody Triumphs Again in the Closest Match of Her Career—The Future of Miss Stammers—The Waning of the Great

SO Wimbledon is over, Fred Perry has confirmed his, and Helen Wills-Moody has regained her, crown. Helen Jacobs is diademed with a loser's laurels, Dorothy Round has demonstrated an aptitude for the mixed. Kay Stammers has evidenced a successful application of singles play to doubles; and the famous combination of Allison and van Ryn has gone down to Crawford and Quist.

Perry apart, there is no player of genius on the tennis tapis, with the possible exception of Kay Stammers. The "truly great" of yesteryear are now incontrovertibly on the wane. And von Cramm is, I fear, never going to be a world-beater.

Consider: Crawford—playing against Perry—showed the weakness of a slicing machine of impeccable accuracy. His sluggishness, his economy of effort, his deceptive laziness no longer impress. He is still top-class, but he will never be a legend like the Dohertys, Tilden, Borotra, Cochet, Lenglen.

Helen Jacobs bids fair to inherit the crown of Elizabeth Ryan: "the finest player never to gain the championship; the inevitable finalist who never wins." Both are Californians, both dour fighters, both exploiters of the cut. Helen Jacobs is an improved player—true. But great? No.

Her match on Saturday was, to the student of tennis, rather interesting than exciting. It demonstrated, with the definitude of a scientific experiment, the tragic declension of Helen Wills-Moody's game, though the indomitable will, the lion-hearted courage, and the graceful impassivity are unchanged. It demonstrated also a curious psychological factor: the conviction in Miss Jacobs' mind that she would not, *could* not beat Helen I. Think of it: she was set-all; 5-3; and she had one point for the title with a certain game *on her own service* as a "bank balance" in reserve—and still she lost.

One saw the opportunity looming ahead; the decision to go for it with every ounce of effort; the fatal change of tactics—longer, deeper hitting: drive replacing the hitherto successful chop—and, like a ground bass to a symphony, the incredulity, the fundamental interior certainty that victory against the all-conquering Helen was outside her powers.

Next year, I look to see Helen I in the semi-final; Helen II in the final, and Kay Stammers as champion.

Adrian Quist won the men's doubles. That stood out clearly. Van Ryn is far from the player he was, though occasionally—notably in the last point of the fourth set—his old brilliance of interception flashed out again. Not only is van Ryn declining: the match showed that both Allison and Crawford (the weakest of the four) are no longer the forces that they have been. *Eheu fugaces!*

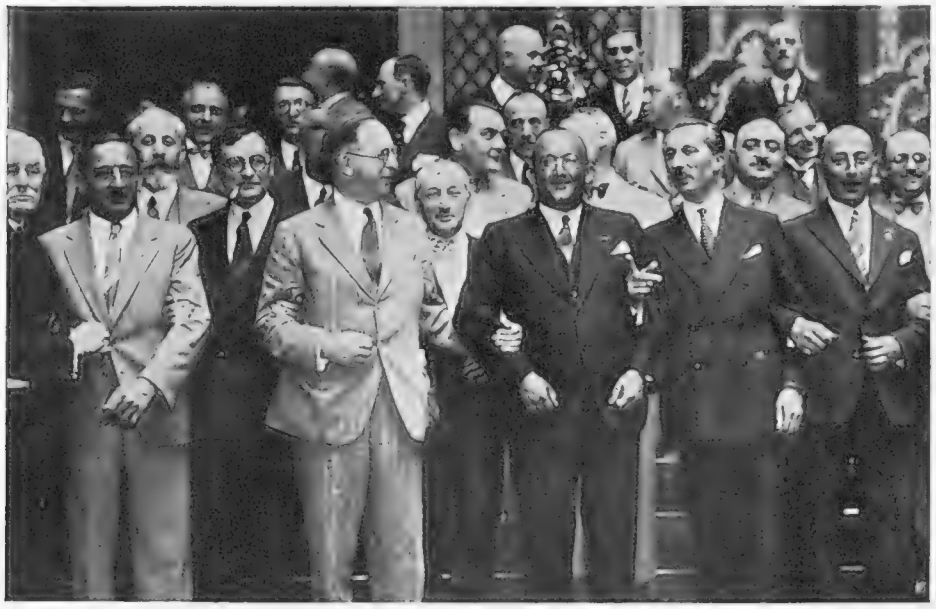
The Women's Doubles might have been played fifteen years ago rather than in 1935, so baseline was the match. The lack of decisive volleying, still so characteristic of purely feminine tennis, was marked. The stroke that won most points and raised the most exhilaration was the Stammers slash. The finest doubles player on the court was Freda James. As for Madame Sperling, she is not a doubles player by natural gift. And of her performance in her singles semi-final, one can only say that she unfortunately struck "one of those days" when every mortal thing goes wrong. She struck another some years ago in the final of the mixed with Prenn.

This year's mixed—poorly arranged that semi-final and final should have been played on the same day—was mediocre. Fundamentally, it was a game between two superb singles players (Perry

(Continued on p. 76)

News from France and Germany

HIGHWAY DEVELOPMENT IN GERMANY: State Minister Wagner speaking at the opening of the first section of the magnificent new Munich-Salzburg road which has been built with the help of the unemployed. The road, which in many ways resembles the Italian autostrade, is one of the most up-to-date in the world, having separate tracks for slow-moving and fast-moving traffic, and overhead bridges at many of the more important intersections



HANDS ACROSS THE FRONTIER: This group includes delegates of the German and French ex-servicemen's associations and was taken when they met at the Hotel Continental in Paris recently for a series of conferences. This is the first gathering of its kind that has been held since the war, and it is felt that it has done much to foster goodwill between the two nations

IN REMEMBRANCE: Bachaga Sahraoui, one of the three Algerian chiefs who were on their way to Brussels to view the great International Exhibition, seen as he signed the Golden Book when he visited the grave of the French Unknown Warrior at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris

THE LEADER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS: Chancellor Hitler standing in his car as he drove down the new Munich-Salzburg road after the opening ceremony. Note how the highway is divided up with a "no-man's land" in the centre and a further sub-division, rather dangerous-looking, to left and right

A NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT: Mlle José Laval, daughter of the French Premier, and M. René de Chambrun, the son of a former commander of the French forces in Morocco, who are to be married shortly. M. de Chambrun is a descendant of Lafayette

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Wonders of the HÔTEL DROUOT

A Glimpse of the Historic Paris Sale Rooms where some of the most Interesting Auctions of Modern Times have Taken Place

By FERDINAND TUOHY

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES: One of the downstairs auction rooms at the Hôtel Drouot, where the least valuable second-hand furniture and other "junk" is disposed of

The world is full of fools . . . and
who'd escape the asses
Should stop inside their rooms . . .
and smash their looking-glasses.

"NUMBER 45—one asks 500 francs—6—7—1,000—1,500—and make a little quickness, gentlemen; no one to the left? no one to the right? 2,000—I am going to adjudge—all in order! *adjudged!*"

Down comes the thin, long, ebony mallet that has been flicked beautifully, almost imperceptibly, right, left, and centre, as with the finesse of a Beecham bâton, during the swift bidding in Salle Eight of the Hôtel Drouot, the official and historic home of Paris auction.

Provided one can put up with several things—mustiness of the tomb, no oxygen, a quite astonishing rudeness, even for Parisians, an unholy jam on interesting days, and dreamers walking into you (the place is full of such people, dreaming about some item in that day's catalogue for which they'd give their souls twice over), provided, in short, one is willing to pay dearly in bodily comfort in order to acquire great mental pleasure, Drouot's is as good a landmark as any in contemporary dreary Paris. So many people in the public eye have had to send their collections under the hammer owing to *la crise*. Though I hasten to add that not all sales are due to such cause. Take this from a prominent author of latterday *bohème*, Francis Carco, on his ridding his walls of Utrillos, Ségonzacs, Derains:—

"I sell because I esteem that a true collector ought from time to time to modify the atmosphere of his collection and separate himself from masterpieces, not in order to buy better works but simply different ones, and to unearth new talent. Moreover, after a certain time—say twenty years—a collector has drawn all he can from a picture to which his eye has grown too accustomed. For a man to remain young he must have change!"

Ça, c'est ça . . .

Others have been sold up *malgré eux*. Heaps, in fact, on account of the monthly avalanche of bankruptcies and distraint sales. For example, "The Lady of the Diamonds," Madame L. You should hear about her because it shows for the trillionth time what abject bosh goes into the newspapers. Madame L. was supposed to have been—how shall one say?—Stavisky's "keep"—there! The public was therefore given to understand that the lady had long been a perambulating Witwatersrand record. Her jewellery fetched 310 francs. Stavisky's own effects fetched 7,000 francs, which was rather surprising since he may yet bring down the Third Republic. Surely an écritoire Stavisky, where he signed all those cheques for half of officially functioning France, should have brought more than a tenner, if only as a possible source of inspiration to others!

This is a subject that wants a book, not one brief article. Rochefort wrote a fine one fifty years ago, so did two others, Champfleury and Eudel; but Henri had them both beat because he had delved so deeply in Drouot's himself and been diddled so often; his effort was in the nature of a cri de cœur. He tells one story that made me give a (restrained) ha-ha! in the deathly still Bibliothèque Nationale, thereby bringing the verger or usher or whatever he is straight over, cautioning. Second ha-ha—out!

A lot was offered in the nature of a green parasol on which were blackbirds ravishing wheat.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOTEL DROUOT: "The building itself," writes Mr. Tuohy, "is atrocious; a great oblong island of its own in decayed yellow, and for all the world suggesting a particularly broken-down provincial opera house or prefecture"

Now, it happens that divers secret or imperceptible signs obtain between client and auctioneer; a finger raised, a tug at one's lapel, or a scratch of the nose, or . . .

Watching the green parasol was an old gentleman who suffered from a constant wink.

On the auctioneer's insistence, the old gentleman had to pay 185 pre-war francs for the green parasol with which, still winking, he dolefully made his way out.

Drouot's is within thirty yards of the monstrous din of the Boulevard Haussmann yet it might be an architectural and "atmospheric" oasis of the Second Empire which saw its birth eighty-one years ago. Since then you may say the history of France, and of many another land, has passed by this way. The building itself is atrocious; a great oblong island of its own in decayed yellow, and for all the world suggesting a particularly broken-down provincial opera house or prefecture. How it escaped being "haussmannisé" half-a-century ago, and all "embellishment" and tearing-down since, is a mystery. Drouot's survives to-day surrounded by its own cafés and shops and offices, by its own natives having their own morals and methods. The last of the fiacres had their final rank here up to 1928, as if seeking ultimate sanctuary in appropriate natural shadow. I have passed by Drouot's in the early 'twenties, on a rainy night, and seen those fiacres, and the ensemble really was Second Empire.

The time to visit Drouot's is 3 p.m., including Sundays. All the morning the goods for that day's sale are arriving, the bulk of them to be piled high in the courtyard by porters wearing the Hôtel's shako. None other may touch a thing. Rules are terribly strict, and, as usual in France, most are broken. But you definitely may not finger the merchandise. I went up and saw the Director who explained that he would have been enchanted to tell me the history of his House only . . . a most important sale of Old Masters and of Princely Wines was engaging all his attention. I asked nothing more than to be allowed to wander at will without being apprehended as a suspect, because I had read the rules and . . .

Ah, said the Director, yes, one did have some queer ones circulating!

"Figure it, we have people here, constantly, who are nothing more than maniacs in their field. There are men entirely crazy on stamps and coins, others who will get thrills beyond reason from ceramics or from chinoiseries of the most daft description. Think, recently we had a sale of elephants, hundreds of them, tiny and bigger, in bronze, in ebony, in china, in half-a-dozen different materials. And the number of people who wanted elephants was extraordinary! Do not forget Monsieur Barthou in this respect. His first sale has realised nearly 4,000,000 francs. Well, the assassinated Minister collected over 600 objets d'art showing a balloon in some form or shape. Fans, engravings, boxes and faience, toile de Jouy, even furniture and clocks . . . one Sèvres showing a love affair in an early balloon, 1780, fetched 6,000 francs."

I then passed to the sale of Princely Wines, to wit, those of a Murat, and at once found I had gate-crashed into an upper crusting of Tout-Paris. It should be pointed out that many are the spectators who come to witness another's humiliation, or just out of idle or morbid curiosity; but this wine affair was patently other. This noblesse was steadily acquiring the goods, and at (I thought) remarkable figures. After all: Château-Latour 1921, 30 francs a bottle; Léoville 1863, 55 francs; Yquem 1921, 60 francs; and that wonder gem I thought had gone for ever, Clicquot rosé 1921, 105 francs a bottle. If anyone has ever had this *real* rosé, and none of your sparkling Burgundy muck, then on a hot day has he definitely touched fingers with the gods who run Nectar et Cie. There was but one drawback to

(*Continued on p. 74*)

SALE-ROOM PORTERS

These men have the sole right to handle the goods at the Hôtel Drouot; buyers must inspect potential purchases from a respectful distance

His Majesty's Navy

Some Ships which will be Present at Next Week's Review at Spithead

ONE OF THE LEANDER CLASS: The 7,000-ton *Orion*, of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, Home Fleet, dressed overall on a ceremonial occasion. According to *Jane's Fighting Ships* she belongs to a class that "represents a return to sanity in cruiser design compared with the overgrown and over-gunned 10,000-ton Treaty type." She carries eight 6-in. guns of a new design

SINGLE LINE AHEAD: The 33,500-ton *Nelson* (*foreground*), the flagship of Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. This battleship, which was laid down in December, 1922, and completed in June 1927, cost over £7,400,000

AN OLD STAGER: H.M.S. *Hood*, the 41,000-ton battle cruiser, which was begun in September 1916 and completed in 1920, her total cost being £6,025,000 or £145 per ton. Her annual upkeep is said to involve an expenditure in the neighbourhood of £427,000

THE "SEA LION" AND THE "SHARK": Two submarines of the Swordfish Class, both of which are new additions to the fleet, having been commissioned last autumn. They are 670 tons and have six 21-in. torpedo tubes. The *Sea Lion* was built by Cammell Laird

The *Wellington* which was completed last year. She has a displacement of over a thousand tons, possesses two 4.7-in. guns, one 3-in. gun, and has a speed of approximately 16 knots

A NEW SLOOP

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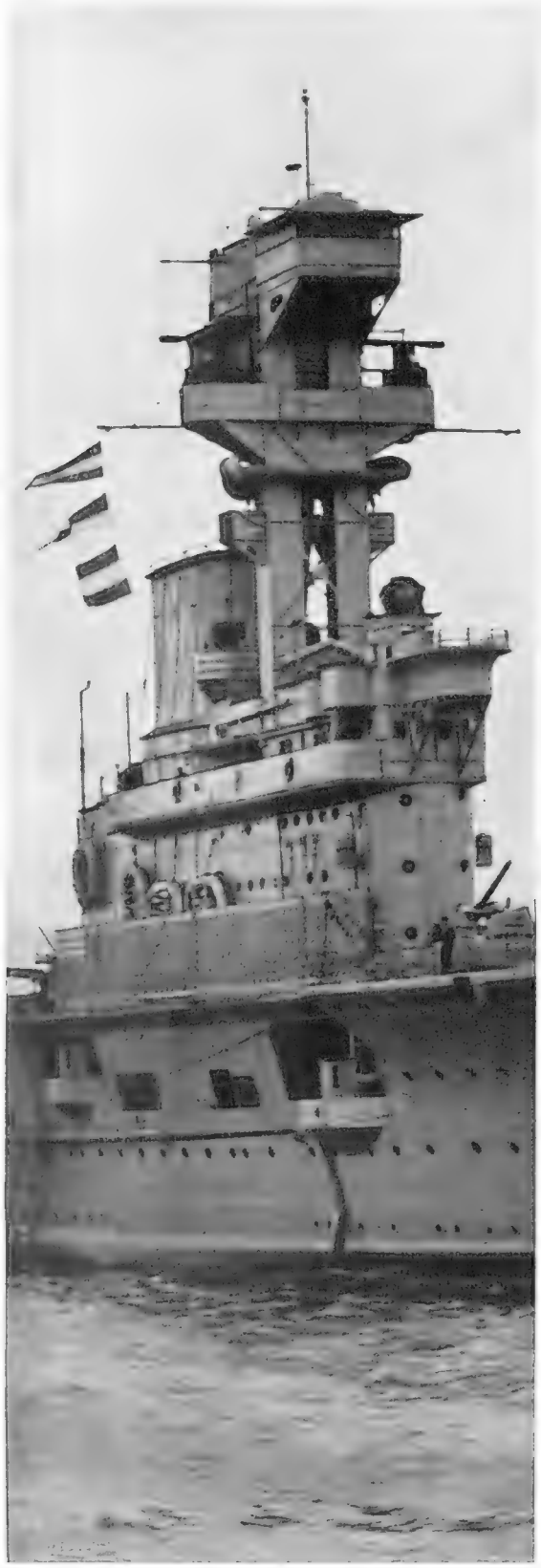
HOW TO LOOK AT THE NA

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Forming a Guide to Na



MAKING CONTACT: Flags flying from the aircraft-carrier *Hermes* indicating that she wishes to communicate by semaphore with another vessel in the Fleet

THE ships which are to take part in this year's Naval Review will occupy a space roughly five sea miles long by two sea miles from north to south, and will fill most of that historic anchorage between Portsmouth and Ryde, known as Spithead, the scene of many previous pageants of the kind.

These vessels will be anchored in eight lines, as can be seen from the "berthing plan" published with this article, and their disposal has been so arranged that the largest are at the eastern end of the two lines—E and F—which are farthest from either shore. It is possible that the first thing which will strike the visitor—that is the visitor who sees a review of ships for the first time—is their decoration. Ships at anchor wear the Union flag in their bows, in addition to the white ensign which naval vessels normally display aft in all circumstances. But on ceremonial occasions the white ensign is hoisted at mastheads also—a method known by the French as "petit pavois"; that is to say, at all masts not previously occupied by admirals' flags or commodores' broad pennants. At such a grand ceremonial as a naval review strings of signal flags are added, so as to produce the state known as "dressing overall."

The Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, may be easily recognized by her three masts and her two bell-topped yellow funnels. Her masthead flags, the Admiralty anchor, the Royal Standard, and the Union are associated with such a vessel when His Majesty is embarked, and this custom can be traced back nearly 300 years. It is probable that as she leaves Portsmouth Harbour on July 16 she will be received by the anchored fleet with a Royal gun salute. It is probable also that on coming out to take up her position at the eastern end or head of the anchored ships—and again on steaming round the lines—she will be preceded by the Trinity House yacht, *Patricia*, and followed by the new Admiralty yacht (though bearing an old name), *Enchantress*.

DRESSED OVERALL: H.M.S. *London*, the flagship of t she will appear with her flags and pennants flying at t *Devonshire*, *Shropshire*, and *Sussex*, she has a displacem

At the head of lines E and F are two famous ships, *Queen Elizabeth* and *Nelson*—the only two vessels which wear the plain, red-cross flag which denotes a full admiral's rank, since Nelson's *Victory*, in which flies the flag of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, lives permanently in the dockyard.

The *Queen Elizabeth* has come up specially from the Mediterranean where she acts as flagship of our Commander-in-Chief in those waters, and she will probably attract notice also on account of her war history, notably at the Dardanelles, and as Sir David Beatty's flagship in the Grand Fleet. Those who witnessed her launch at Portsmouth, shortly before the last war, will probably remember her impressive appearance on the "stocks"; indeed, in the opinion of many, she and her sisters, of whom two, *Barham* and *Valiant*—both heroines of Jutland—are present with the Home Fleet on this occasion, are the finest-looking battleships which we have ever built in this country. Their eight 15-in. guns are arranged in four superimposed turrets, and their secondary armament, of six 6-in. guns aside, is clearly seen in their casemates below the upper deck. These ships are rather similar in appearance to the "R" class, built during the last war, of which *Revenge*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Ramillies*, and *Resolution* will be seen in E line, anchored astern of their flagship *Queen Elizabeth*.

The first-named of these ships—also a Jutland veteran—wears the flag of the Vice-Admiral commanding the Mediterranean battleships, his rank being indicated by the red disc which occupies the first quarter of his red-cross flag (a rear-Admiral's flag has two red discs). In all these vessels, and in many smaller ships also, the position employed for gunnery-control is supported on a tripod mast and the vessels of the *Queen Elizabeth* class are easily recognised by the wide appearance of the funnel, due to the joining—in recent years—of two funnels into one.

At the head of F line are *Nelson*, flagship of the Home Fleet, and her sister *Rodney*, two vessels which leave much to be desired from the purely æsthetic point of view. They are, however, the only two battleships completed in *this* country during the last fifteen years. Their strange appearance is due to the fact that their nine 16-in. guns—arranged in three triple turrets—are disposed forward, to the crowding aft of their secondary armament and other details.

Astern of the "R" ships, in E line, is a very famous vessel—*Iron Duke*, Sir John Jellicoe's flagship at Jutland, and astern of her are the battle-cruisers *Hood* and *Renown*, the latter being the vessel in which H.R.H. The Prince of Wales made his visit to India. The "hush-hush" cruisers *Courageous* and *Furious* are now aeroplane-carriers and they are followed by the Second Cruiser Squadron, led by H.M.S. *Orion*. Of the other cruisers, the most notable are the three-funnelled county class, led, in line D, by H.M.S. *London*. The other lines include destroyers with their leaders: *Codrington*, *Broke*, etc., and the submarines and sloops.

Those who remember earlier reviews—such, for instance, as that of 1909, when the Czar of Russia was present, will remember how—following an old tradition—our ships displayed at the main masthead the naval ensign of Russia and how—at King George's Coronation Review—the foreign ships present hoisted the white ensign in the same position. The Jubilee Celebrations may be said to be *par excellence* a British affair. It is, perhaps, for that reason that on this occasion no foreign vessel is to be officially present.

Cecil King

Among Those Present

A Table giving Details of Some of the Various Ships which His Majesty will Review

Name			Date First Commissioned
BATTLESHIPS			
Queen Elizabeth	-	-	1915
Royal Sovereign	-	-	1916
Ramillies	-	-	1917
Resolution	-	-	1916
Revenge	-	-	1916
Nelson	-	-	1927
Rodney	-	-	1927
Barham	-	-	1915
Valiant	-	-	1916
BATTLE CRUISERS			
Hood	-	-	1920
Renown	-	-	1916
AIRCRAFT CARRIERS			
Courageous	-	-	1917
	(1917 as Cruiser, 1928 as Carrier)		
Furious	-	-	1917
	(1917 as Cruiser, 1918 as Carrier)		
CRUISERS			
Achilles	-	-	1933
Orion	-	-	1934
Neptune	-	-	1933
Leander	-	-	1933
London	-	-	1929
Devonshire	-	-	1929
Shropshire	-	-	1929
Australia	-	-	1928
Coventry	-	-	1918
Cairo	-	-	1919
Effingham	-	-	1925
Frobisher	-	-	1924
Hawkins	-	-	1919
Cardiff	-	-	1917
Caledon	-	-	1917
Curacoa	-		1918
Calypso	-	-	1917
Vindictive	-	-	1925
(as Cruiser.	*Reconstructed from aircraft Carrier)*		
DESTROYERS			
Codrington	-	-	1930
Ardent	-		1930
Acheron	-	-	1930
Acasta	-	-	1930
Active	-	-	1930
Anthony	-	-	1930
Arrow	-	-	1930
Antelope	-	-	1930
Achates	-	-	1930
Keith	-	-	1930
Basilisk	-	-	1931
Boreas	-	-	1931
Boadicea	-	-	1931
Bulldog	-	-	1931
Blanche	-	-	1931
Brilliant	-	-	1931
Brazen	-	-	1931
Beagle	-	-	1931
Searcher	-	-	1919
Kempenfelt	-	-	1932
Crusader	-	-	1932
Cygnet	-	-	1932

(Continued in next column)

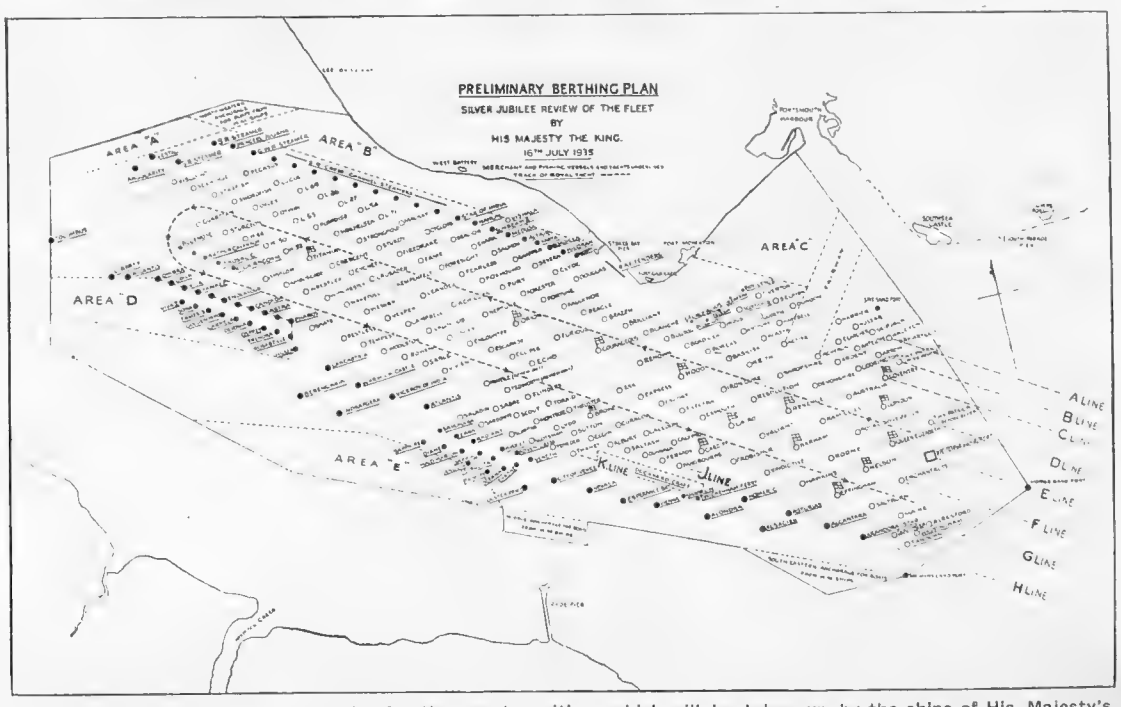
VAL REVIEW

Week's Ceremonies at Spithead

1st Cruiser Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet, showing how Silver Jubilee Naval Review. She is a sister ship of the of 9,750 tons, and was completed in January, 1929

Name			Date First Commissioned
DESTROYERS—*cont.*			
Crescent	-	-	1932
Comet	-	-	1932
Valorous	-	-	1917
Exmouth	-	-	1934
Electra	-	-	1934
Escort	-	-	1934
Express	-	-	1934
Esk	-	-	1934
Echo	-	-	1934
Eclipse	-	-	1934
Escapade	-	-	1934
Encounter	-	-	1934
Faulknor	-	-	1935
Fortune	-	-	1935
Forester	-	-	1935
Fury	-	-	1935
Foxhound	-	-	1935
Fearless	-	-	1935
Foresight	-	-	1935
Fame	-	-	1935
Firedrake	-	-	1935
Mackay	-	-	1919
Broke	-	-	1924
SUBMARINES			
Clyde	-	-	1935
Severn	-	-	1935
Sea Lion	-	-	1935
Shark	-	-	1935
Salmon	-	-	1935
Snapper	-	-	1935
Starfish	-	-	1935
Swordfish	-	-	1932
Seahorse	-	-	1935
Oxley	-	-	1927
Otway	-	-	1927
L–53	-	-	1924
Porpoise	-	-	1933
MISCELLANEOUS			
Iron Duke	-	-	1912
	(ex-Battleship)		
MINESWEEPERS			
Alresford	-	-	1919
Saltburn	-	-	1919
Tedworth	-	-	1919
Fermoy	-	-	1919
Dundalk	-	-	1919
Saltash	-	-	1918
Lydd	-	-	1919
Tiverton	-	-	1918
Selkirk	-	-	1919
Dunoon	-	-	1919
Pangbourne	-	-	1919
SURVEYING SHIPS			
Flinders	-	-	1919
Indus	-	-	1935
	(Royal Indian Navy)		
NET LAYER			
Guardian	-	-	1933
SLOOPS			
Halcyon	-	-	1934
Harrier	-	-	1935
Hussar	-	-	1935
Harebell	-	-	1918
Godetia	-	-	1916
SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIPS			
Titania	-	-	1915
Lucia	-	-	1916
Cyclops	-	-	1905

ONE OF THE GIANTS: The 32,000-ton *Renown*, of the Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Home Fleet, dressed overall on a ceremonial occasion. During the forthcoming review she will stand in E line directly astern of H.M.S. *Hood*



THE BERTHING PLAN: A chart showing the exact positions which will be taken up by the ships of His Majesty's Fleet, when they assemble at Spithead. Members of the public will witness this magnificent spectacle from liners which, as indicated here, will be drawn up near line K. This fleet of floating grandstands will include *Berengaria*, *Warwick Castle*, *Lancastria*, *Viceroy of India*, *Homeric*, *Alcantara*, *Nevasa*, and *Asturias*, while advantageous positions have also been allocated to such racing yachts as the *Yankee*, *Endeavour*, and *Astra*

A WHITE BLANKET OF CLOUDS stretching over the plains and advancing up the great mountain wall of the Himalayas until even the peaks are shrouded

MONSOON

When the Rains Come to the Relief of India's Parched Lands, and Life for Man and Beast Begins Anew

By "MAUSER"

From India comes the set and regular cabled report of mid-June: "The monsoon has broken." With an annual recurrence almost mechanical, a piece of news is flashed which, beset as he is by the capriciousness of his unreliable climate, conveys little meaning to the Englishman who, before passing quickly to news items of greater interest, probably shrugs his shoulders: "Sounds like a big storm; typhoon, or something. Wonder if anyone was hurt?"

If you were to tell him that a land, a very large piece of the earth's surface, exists where at the end of every September he could fold up umbrella and mackintosh and put them away; with, not merely the hope or conjecture but the plain mathematical certainty that he would not want them again, even once, before the following mid-June; and that during that time his only bodily moisture would be that induced by the all-pervading heat—were you to tell him all this, he might believe you or he might not. But, for the pure pleasure of hearing it, certain it is that he would ask you to say it all over again—slowly.

India is, in its way, a continent, with a continental climate; and an all-seeing Providence has ordained that it shall be either hot, or at times hotter. Between midwinter with a blue and cloudless sky, and midsummer when the heavens have slowly turned to a heavy canopy of molten yellow brass, the heat increases unchecked. Every scrap of moisture is drawn up out of the soil, and the land, where even the rare wind-gusts assail you with the breath and odour of a brick-kiln, lies parched and baked. By midsummer, it is panting, all but dead. Men and animals creep into what shade they can find. The birds perch listlessly with drooped feathers. Even the ubiquitous crow stands with beak agape, too hoarse and thirsty to emit a single croak. The very snakes go underground. The cobra lies half-buried in the dust, where you may all but tread on him before he will stir himself to protest and strike. All nature is beaten flat and fainting; and none but "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun."

The torture cannot last for ever. Something must snap.

At or about the summer solstice, the tremendous upward lift of this super-heated air reaches its climax. The equilibrium of the higher atmosphere is upset. An immense void of thinning air is created over the surface of the many thousand square miles of the land; and the whole vault of heaven bestirs itself to adjust the balance. The message is flashed out to sea; and right across the Indian Ocean to far-away Madagascar the cooler sea-borne air-currents halt, face about, and fall-in for the massed attack on India.

Up from the south-west they sweep, across the leagues on leagues of ocean, accumulating in their stride the tremendous evaporation caused by air passing swiftly over heated water: till the cloud-masses gather in a dense phalanx and, sweeping onward, burst with the rattle and clatter of massed artillery on the unprotected coasts. Inland they sweep; every chain of hills and mountains that break the flat surface of the land takes its toll. The mass of suspended water is incredible. It surges onward in storm after storm, deluging the earth; on and on, till its last expiring waves collide with the impassable wall of the Himalaya, beyond which lie the cold stark deserts of Tibet and Inner Asia.

And, in rear, fresh and ever fresh battalions fall-in for the assault. Day after day and night by night the cataract surges forward and never ceases.

Throughout India, life springs up once more. Seeds germinate. Crops, and every growing thing, leap to answer the torrent of moisture. As you watch, you can almost see them grow. Men, beasts, birds, reptiles, stand in the downpour, soaking-in new life. Chilled? Nothing like it. Stand in the storm: hold out the palm of your hand and feel the rain beat down: it might be blood, so thick and warm is it. Dry river beds turn to torrents; streams become impassable rivers. The baked dry earth turns to liquid mud, and every hollow is a lake. Far and wide, day and night, the air is vibrant with the croaking of frogs.

By mid-September the attack begins to abate, and as the pressures in the upper air are at last equalised, patches of clean-washed blue sky begin to peep through. By October, the rain has died away in a succession of sullen and reluctant grumbles. White men put away umbrella and mackintosh, to see them no more for another nine months. And all India turns once more to its steady toil of living.

It is no small experience to stand in the deep veranda of the bungalow and gaze south-westward to the monsoon advancing across a land of immense distances, with horizons wide beyond belief in this England of broken scenery. The sky overhead is a dull and lifeless yellow, obscured by the dust particles which form such a large proportion of the dry Indian air. It may be evening. The sun sets in a bath of blood, dipping, as it goes, behind a solid bank of blue-black storm cloud, which lies a hand's-breadth upward from the distant edge of the land; cloud flashing, heaving, dissolving and forming again as the lightning breaks through in a hundred places. Noiseless. Threatening.

Now come the clouds. The hand's-breadth becomes a wall. The wall, ragged at its edges, with the scouts blown before its advance, rises, rises. An uncanny silence—a breathless waiting—lies over the surface of the earth.

And now comes the rumble, rapidly changing to a solid mass of sound as the tearing wind sweeps up in the wake of the cloud. Far away, trees bend to it. Sticks, branches, endless débris, often mixed with the thatch of house-roofs, leap upward and whirl towards you. And now you may hear the rain. A rustle; then a whooping, a swishing, till, with a roar as of a wild beast, the torrent is on us. A yellow wall of water, beating to earth again the dust in the air; a front to it like the side of a house. Not drops or streams—ramrods of water—till the very sluice-gates of Heaven seem to open on us. The monsoon has broken.

"All very nice and refreshing," says John Brown; "but if *we* get a first-class thunderstorm after a heat wave—as it might be the other day—we don't bother to cable the news to India. What's all the song about?"

Think, John. What happens if the monsoon does *not* break?

Nine-tenths of the 350 millions of India are agricultural peasants and, living as they do at a standard of life in which the teeming population fits into the bare available means of subsistence as a hand fits every corner of a glove, are absolutely dependent on the products of the soil. If by any queer twist of meteorology, the monsoon does not break, and the waters fail to bring life to a soil reduced to the condition of a baked mummy, were it not for the English, areas as big as Ireland, Wales, or Scotland would, quite literally, lie down and die. Men, cattle, wild animals, and all that walks or crawls on the face of what then is plain desert.

In the old days before our Raj and our safe government upset the worked-out balance of countless ages, famine, wars and pestilences kept down a

(*Continued on p. 74*)

MONSOON MISTS OVER SIMLA, where the vapour rolls up the valleys, veiling the deodars and fir forests and giving a beautiful effect at sunset

Trouble on the North-West Frontier

A Series of Pictures taken during a Recent Invasion of the Malakand Protected Area by Tribesmen

A BATTLE-GROUND AMID THE DESOLATE PEAKS: It was on the highest point of this range of hills that a company of the 3/2nd Punjab Regiment recently made a gallant stand against the Faquir of Alingar, who was attempting to capture Loe Agra and re-establish his influence over the tribes in this section of the North-West Frontier. There was a fierce hand-to-hand engagement in the dark, and the enemy were finally driven back after twenty-two of their men had been either killed or wounded

SAFETY FIRST: A typical stone shelter built by the tribesmen to protect themselves against British aeroplanes, of which they stand in great fear. Their dread of the flying machine is indeed well founded, and the fact that the recent rising was put down so successfully was to a great extent due to the co-operation of the Royal Air Force

A BRITISH LOSS: Mr. Leslie Duncan Best (*left*), the Political Agent in the Malakand Protected Area, who was killed when assisting the Nowshera Column to drive the Faquir of Alingar's forces across the Swat River. Mr. Best, who was born in 1896, and went to King's School, Canterbury, qualified for the Indian Civil Service after the war, and went out to Bengal in 1921. He was at one time Secretary to the British Legation in Kabul, and was decorated for good work done in the evacuation of the Afghanistan capital during Baccha-i-Saquao's rebellion

The announcement of one award of the Military Cross, five awards of the Indian Order of Merit, and three of the Indian Distinguished Service Medal, to men who were engaged in the recent fighting on the North-West Frontier makes it clear that this was no mere skirmish with a hostile tribe, and that the British forces had to deal with an invasion on an unexpectedly large scale by an enemy which was well commanded and thoroughly well equipped. The accompanying pictures have been sent us by an officer of the Punjab Regiment, and give an excellent idea of the rugged nature of the country in which the fighting took place.

THE UTMAN KHEL COUNTRY: The inhospitable region where the Faquir of Alingar recruited the greater part of his force of nine hundred men which proved so difficult to quell. The Swat River runs through a deep gorge between these hills

SCENE OF A SUCCESSFUL AMBUSH: Behind the walls in the corner of this field men of the 3/2nd Punjab Regiment lay in wait for twenty-five tribesmen on a dark night and succeeded in killing three and wounding two of them

MEANDERING THROUGH THE MEADOWS: A hot July noon by the River Stow, with one of the pleasant old wooden bridges that cross many of the streams in Essex

July's Green Domain

Sights and Sounds of the Countryside in Midsummer

By M. W. HAYWOOD

AT noon the sky is blue as a speedwell flower, and beneath the bright gold of the July sunshine the little village drowses peacefully. The cottage gardens are gay with sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers—white and purple lupins, great crimson poppies mingle with the gay columbine and yellow marigold. And all about them is the rich green luxuriance of the season—a green luxuriance which has spread itself abroad, reaching out far and wide across the land. In the fields the crops are growing apace—the barley stands high, rippling into a silvery light and shade as a light wind speeds across the countryside. It is maturing fast and next month will be ready for the reaping. The oats have still much work to do and need many a week of ripening in the hot sun before they are ready for the harvest. The meadows have been stripped of their glory, hay-making has been in progress for some time—and by now much of the hay has been carried. Beside the path, for a short while, a tiny figure may be seen, pre-occupied amongst the grasses, feasting busily about the stems—the short-tailed field vole. And then, in alarm at some slight noise close at hand, the small creature scurries through the grassy jungle and disappears into the security of his abode amongst a network of runs beneath the surface of the soil. He is a busy fellow, he works away by day and night and does not permit himself much time for rest—even in winter time—except under the stress of cold, his working hours are long.

As the bright sunrays fall upon the winding pathway they touch upon a piece of stick protruding from the shadows of the grasses. This has something of a strange appearance, and glistens in the light, presently to come to life, moving forward in slow curves, revealing itself to be a slow-worm. This harmless creature of the lizard tribe—so often maligned and even destroyed owing to its resemblance to a snake—is full of interest and has a certain beauty of its own. A momentary pause, to bask in lizard-fashion in the sunbeams' warmth—so grateful after the long winter months of hibernation—and he passes onward into the thickly-growing herbage. And here the slow-worm searches for his food—the noxious slug—thus rendering useful service in the endless war against this pest. Along the hedge row, wreathed with wild roses there is a wealth of bloom to-day.

Here the tall campion shows itself amongst the flowers of the wayside—with rosy stalk and flower-head called by the country people red robin. And, close at hand, drowses the white evening campion with sleepy half-closed petals—awakening to life toward the latter end of the summer day. The campions are conspicuous in their height and are noticeable even to the casual glance, but the hedgerow guards well its secrets hidden amongst the tall grasses which grow in slender graceful masses. Beneath, there are many obscure small-flowering plants which are full of modest beauty. Amongst these, the lady's mantle has a place; its wide-spreading leaves almost conceal the flowerets which rest green and fragile upon their slender stalks. The vetch has ambitions more highly placed than those of its near relations, and about the hedgerow in company with the roses it climbs, spreading itself in long flowering trails of blue and purple.

Where the sand-martins have their home all is very quiet now. At times one or other of the pair may be seen as it slips in or out of the tiny entrance to their nest perched high and inaccessible in the sandpit side. With amazing perseverance and skill the tiny hole has been pierced deep in the sand and placed within is their abode, snug and secure. And as excitedly they dart and circle all about the place their shrill voices can be heard in joyous twittering cries. Not far away amongst the thickly growing bushes where, showing green flowering heads, the tall nettles stand on guard—the white throats have their home. The male bird is far more cautious in his movements now than in the earlier spring and summer days when he poured forth his sweet rippling note unceasingly and fearlessly. To-day more vigilant he warns his mate and guards his home—hidden so wisely close to the useful barricade of stinging nettles. The great oak tree has a continual stream of visitors who linger long amongst its branches to feast and revel before they pass on elsewhere. For here there is a rich store of caterpillar food and here a pair of great tits are enjoying themselves calling to each other as they peck about the leaves. They are on holiday now and resting from their strenuous days of the past season. They have left their children, now grown strong and capable of making their own way in the world and the tired parents are free, their duty done, to take up life easily once more. But the marshtits are still in attendance on their brood and the small family is bathing beside the little brook. Excitable, as always, giving short scolding cries they dip in their heads—shaking the glistening drops over their backs. The baby birds, awkward in their inexperience, are watching the method of their parents' movements. These have begun their moult, their trim and neat figures looking somewhat dishevelled. The bright-glossed hoods look dull. The young birds' plumage is still somewhat indeterminate, the feathers on their heads are grey rather than black.

Special SPHERE *picture*

WEIGHING LESS THAN A THREEPENNY BIT, darting through the air like a winged jewel, and eating a drop of honey every ten minutes, this Flamebearer Humming Bird is the smallest in the world. It lives at Londonderry House and belongs to Mr. Anthony Chaplin, trochilidist and painter of ornamental birds

Upon the fence perches a hungry impatient group of three plump nestlings. The spotted fly-catcher has placed her children here, and busily she feeds them. From her perch nearby she dashes forth with lightning speed upon her prey—a passing moth or fly. Seldom does she miss her aim—and the prize secured she hastens to her waiting brood, with fair division darting to each as his turn comes round; and the insect victim is placed in the expectant open beak. And then the untiring parent goes back to her chase once more. At night when the dew has fallen and flower scents drift through the cool air—when pale gold in the deep velvet of the southern sky Jupiter is glowing in regal splendour—then amongst the shadows appear the tiny stars of earth. Upon the banks in mossy places here and there the glow-worms show themselves in minute points of light. Those in movement about the ground or, at times, mounting upon a swaying flower-stem or blade of grass burn with the richer light.

A PAGE FOR THE BIRD-LOVER

When the Fledglings make their Bow

THE PARASITE: *Above*—A fledgling cuckoo, which even at this stage in its growth is far too indolent to supply its own needs, waiting for its foster parents to bring food. *Below*—The giant cuckoo and its diminutive host

A FLEDGLING WOOD-PIGEON PERCHED ON A BRANCH: A close-up photograph showing the partly grown wings. Later it will develop a white patch on the neck and the magnificently coloured plumage of the species

Studies by Eric Ashby

A QUARTETTE OF BUDDING SONGSTERS: Young thrushes on a bough. They will migrate southwards as soon as they are strong enough to make the journey and later in the year will be followed by their parents. From October to January many parts of the British Isles are entirely bereft of these birds

John Topham

THE HATCHING SEASON: Two interesting camera studies taken recently on a farm near Chislehurst, Kent, showing (*left*) a pheasant sitting on her eggs, and (*right*) the nest, a rude heap of grasses, with its olive-brown eggs. The photographer was assisted in making the first picture by the fact that the female bird does not take flight readily, but remains still until an intruder is almost upon her, trusting to her colouring to escape observation

GLORIES of the GERMAN CHURCH

Centuries-old Carvings of Rare Beauty

THE BISHOP LOOKS DOWN: One of the saintly figures adorning the high altar of the parish church of Münnerstadt, South Germany; a beautiful piece of craftsmanship which is probably one of the earliest authentic works of Tilman Riemenschneider (circa 1492)

PRIEST AND BIOGRAPHER: Bishop Possidius (died, circa 437), who is depicted with a pen and writing board, probably because he was the author of a life of St. Augustine; another of the many elegant carvings in the parish church of Münnerstadt

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: A statue of the Madonna with a traffic signal placed in incongruous juxtaposition on a building in one of the main streets of Münnerstadt. There are a host of saintly effigies in the town, and the reason for this is found in an interesting legend to the effect that when a Swedish Army besieged the place in 1641 and began to bombard it, the Holy Virgin appeared on the walls with a company of Angels and caught the enemy's cannon balls. This so terrified the Swedes that they beat a hasty retreat, leaving the inhabitants rejoicing. In thanksgiving for their miraculous escape they erected statues on almost every gateway and public building

Above on Right—THE SAINTLY GERTRUDE: A statue in the Church of St. Jacob, Hamburg, representing the patron saint of travellers who is said to harbour souls on the first night of their three days' journey to heaven. She is also a protectress against rats and mice

ART OF THE WOODCARVER: A figure of an angel holding a candlestick, which stands in a niche of the sacristy and facing the high altar in the parish church of Münnerstadt. It probably dates from the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, and might be the work of Veit Stoss who ranks with Adam Kraft as one of the great sculptors of the period

On Right—KONRADS VON SCHAUMBERG: The head of a wooden figure carved by Tilman Riemenschneider in the famous Marienkapelle in Würzburg—a building dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that contains many examples of this German craftsman's genius

Lent from the collection of Madame de la Chevreulière

PIERRE SÉGUIER, DUC DE VILLEMOR AND CHANCELLOR OF FRANCE, ENTERING ROUEN AFTER THE RIOTS IN 1639: A magnificent picture by Charles Le Brun which had never before been shown to the public until it was placed on view recently at an exhibition held at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris to celebrate the tercentenary of the foundation of the Académie Française. Pierre Séguier is one of the most outstanding figures in the long and brilliant history of the Académie, for on the death of Cardinal Richelieu he became its patron, and it was at his château that the members frequently met between the years 1642 and 1672

ART IN PARIS

Interesting Exhibitions at the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Faculty of Medicine

GREAT FRENCH DOCTORS: Ever since the sixteenth century it has been the policy of the Faculty of Medicine to commission the most renowned artists of the day to produce likenesses of its distinguished members, and the above works are two examples of the interesting collection which has now been opened to the public in the Boulevard St. Germain. *Left*—Rigaud's portrait of François de Lapeyronie, the Court surgeon to Louis XV. *Right*—An imposing bust by the celebrated sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon of Antoine Louis, a life-secretary to the Academy of Surgeons

LARGILLIÈRE'S PORTRAIT OF JACQUES BOSSUET AND HIS PUPIL, THE DAUPHIN: Another of the many interesting canvases at the exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Bossuet, who was elected to membership of the Académie Française in 1671, was the most famous churchman of his time and achieved distinction as a pulpit orator, an historian, and a theologian. He is best remembered for his work in drawing up the declaration that brought to a head the quarrel between Louis XIV and the Papacy

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ANKARA THE UP-D

Scenes in Turkey's New and Growin

MECCA OF THE SPORTING FRATERNITY: A picture taken when construction work was in progress on the vast new concrete grandstand which has been built to accommodate the large crowds which regularly attend the meetings at Ankara racecourse

THE SPORT OF KINGS IN DEMOCRATIC TURKEY: The field tak o steeplechase meeting held on the Ankara course. The people tak t and there is no doubt that during the next two or three years it wil de

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE CAPITAL: Society folk outside their club-house—a rudely-built structure of wood and corrugated iron which is hardly in keeping with the affluent appearance of the members. They are not, as might possibly be imagined, drinking cocktails or sherry, but "indulging" in their favourite beverages, lemonade and milk

. . THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY": Young Turks in "shorts" and flannel shirts—the Western European clothing now adopted

CHILDREN OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION: Youngsters of modern Turkey who belong to a generation that knows nothing of the old regime before the coming of Kemal

THE FEZ GIVES PLACE TO TH racing manager seen wa c meetings. His smart att pr the outward changes that ove

D-DATE

wi Capital

ai one of the fences during a
ai tremendous interest in racing,
w dergo considerable development

SUBURBIA: Modern houses on the outskirts of Ankara contrasting strangely with the dilapidated mud-brick dwellings at the top of the hill—a picture that illustrates vividly the changes that are taking place in the capital in this the most eventful decade in Turkey's history. The city itself, which was planned by a German engineer, has a number of wide streets, modern shops, one or two cinemas, and an excellent hotel

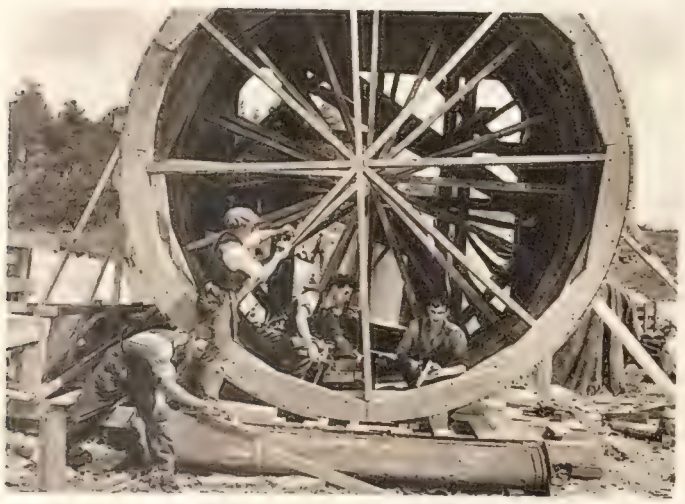
TO THE TOPPER: The top-hatted
walki down the course at one of the
atin provides yet another example of
that ve been wrought in the country

THE ARMY OF THE NEW REGIME: Young lieutenants whose general appearance gives an indication of the efficiency of the present-day Turkish forces which, with the help of Russian money, have developed amazingly of late

LADIES OF FASHION: Turkish women who, as a result of a number of measures introduced by their enlightened Dictator-President, now enjoy almost equal rights with their menfolk. They are entitled to vote at the age of twenty-three, and they can become Members of Parliament as soon as they are thirty-one

Harnessing *the* Waters

IRON TRACERY: Constructing an aqueduct of reinforced concrete to carry the water across the Kircudbright hills from one of the dams to a new power station. This forms the second part of an elaborate £3,000,000 hydro-electric scheme in South-west Scotland



BUILDING THE CENTERING: Carpenters putting together a wooden framework which will be used in the making of one of the concrete pipe lines required for the South-western Scotland power scheme

STEMMING THE FLOOD: A huge concrete dam under construction near Dairy, Kircudbright—a picture which gives an excellent idea of the vastness of the hydro-electric scheme now being carried out in that area for supplying power locally and to Northern England

WONDERS OF THE NEW AND OLD WORLDS: *Left*—The Great Boulder Dam on the Colorado River is now almost complete, and this picture shows the water after it had been allowed to rise to a height of 70 ft. behind the immense concrete barrier. *Right*—The completed dam and the partially completed turbine house at Krangede, in the north of Sweden, from which Stockholm and other industrial centres will be supplied with electricity at low rates

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SCHOOLCHILDREN AT SWORD DRILL: Physical culture in Japan is based largely on ancient national methods. In the above picture girls of a Tokyo primary school are seen exercising with the halberd, a long spear used in warfare by the Samurai women of feudal times

PATRIOTS *in the* MAKING

How Japan is Training Good Citizens

JAPAN'S school system comprises 46,000 educational institutions with an enrolment of 13,000,000, that is one seat of learning to every 3½ square miles and one in every five of the population being taught.

Before the Restoration (1868), the State concerned itself little with education. There were several government schools for youths of the military class, but such education as was thought necessary for children other than those of the military class was obtained in Buddhist temple schools. From the absence of any regular official control of education, it must not be inferred that learning was discouraged in Japan; on the contrary, it was encouraged from early times, only no attempt was made to systematize it and make it a branch of the general administration of the country.

As long as feudalism lasted not much could be done in the way of education reform. In 1871 the decree which swept away the feudal system was issued, and a week or two later the Department of Education was established.

The actual system begins with elementary schools. The course extends over six years, and is compulsory for all children from six to thirteen years of age, when compulsory education ends. Ordinary elementary education is free, the cost being met by local taxation.

In elementary schools boys and girls receive practically the same education; they are taught in the same schools and often in the same classes. The course of instruction comprises morals, reading, writing, and letter-writing, which are grouped together as one subject called "the Japanese language," arithmetic (Arabic notation), and the use of the abacus, the counting board of the ancients, gymnastics, drawing, and singing; and for girls, needlework.

For the teaching of morals in elementary schools text-books are provided. These contain a series of illustrated homilies designed to inculcate the virtues to which prominence is given in Confucian ethics. The children are also taught in conversations with their teachers matters concerning the Emperor and the Court. They are brought to realise the extent of the Imperial solicitude for the people; these lessons leading up to the inevitable conclusion that the illustrious virtues of the Sovereign must be reverenced. Similar lessons are given on the subject of the national flag, with the object of promoting patriotism. In this respect the Japanese are fortunate in possessing a word of Chinese origin, which means literally "requiting the country for favours received" and thus conveys the sense of duty on which the virtue rests. In their third school year the children learn about the Empress, and acquire some general knowledge of her position and responsibilities.

So they pass on to learn in succeeding courses, and always in the same sequence of moral ideas, what is meant by "the fundamental character of the Japanese Empire"—the relation, that is to say, of the Imperial House to the people—and something of the nature of government and civic duties. It is not till the middle schools are reached (14 to 19 years of age) that the influence of Western thought is noticeable in any marked degree.

AN ASPIRING VIOLINIST: Miss Nejiko Suwa, the fifteen-year-old Japanese girl who has already played several times in public, and has won recognition both at home and abroad

It is not the fault of the teacher, nor of the system, if at the end of his school career the pupil is not imbued with a deep sense of the fortunate privileges of Japanese nationality.

"Japanese language" takes up a disproportionate amount of time. The written language is a strange combination of Chinese and Japanese, to read which a knowledge of the Chinese characters is necessary. At least seven or eight thousand characters must be learned for daily use and there are several styles of writing each of them.

AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLBOY, whose cotton kimono and divided skirt give him the maximum of bodily freedom. He attends a co-educational school, where his principal task is to master the 8,000 characters that constitute the Japanese language

The writing and reading, at the beginning, are taught simultaneously, the teacher writing a letter upon a sheet of paper and telling the scholar its name and the scholar writing it over and over until, by the time he has acquired the necessary skill in writing it, both form and name are indelibly imprinted upon his memory. To write with a brush dipped in India ink, upon soft paper, the hand entirely without support, is an art that seldom can be acquired by a grown person but when learned in childhood it gives great deftness in whatever other art may be subsequently studied. This is perhaps the reason why the Japanese value a good handwriting more highly than any other accomplishment, for it denotes a manual dexterity that is the secret of success in all the arts, and one who writes the Chinese characters well and rapidly can quickly learn to do anything else with the fingers.

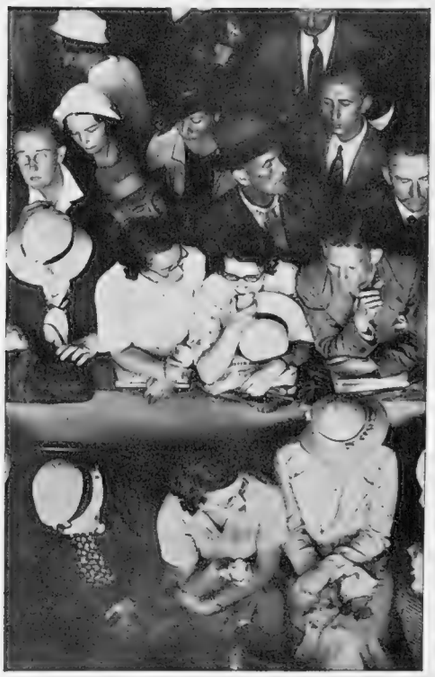
Drill is compulsory in all government schools. It takes the form of Swedish drill coupled with the older arts of fencing for boys and sword-drill for girls, complete with formal codes of etiquette. The boys use heavy bamboo foils and the girls long wooden poles to which are fastened spears with a sword-like blade. These weapons were used in feudal days by the Samurai women. Owing to the wave of extreme nationalism which is now sweeping over the country there is a movement afoot to discourage imported methods of physical culture.

The leading idea of the Japanese Government in all its educational schemes is the desire to assimilate the national ways of thinking to those of European countries but it is a mistake to suppose that because foreign influences enter so largely into the educational course Japan must necessarily end by becoming Europeanised. The foundation of her culture is too deeply laid for that. As long as elementary education remains as it is now, practically untouched by Western influences, no great change of the kind in question is likely to happen.

Anne Roscoe

Wimbledon Intime

KEEPING COOL—TWO METHODS: The West, as typified on the left above, favours the knotted handkerchief head-gear, while the Oriental gentlemen (*above*) abandon themselves to shirt-sleeves and the sun



HEAT-WAVE ACCESSORIES: The lemon is much in evidence among spectators, while a newspaper is popular for impromptu sunbonnets. Just exactly what Miss Joan Ridley was searching for so feverishly, we cannot tell

OUT OF THE GLARE: Spectators in silhouette at the covered entrance to the Centre Court. In the background is one of the outer courts, with the sun beating down on tier upon tier of enthusiasts

SUSTAINED CONCENTRATION AND INTEREST on the faces of the audience in No. 1 Court, who are enjoying the experience of watching a seeded player meeting a devastating attack by a player of lesser fame who is all out to win

The £ s. d. of BANDS

What the Highest Paid Musicians Earn and the Hectic Life they have to Lead —the Unfortunate Conditions in which the Lesser Orchestras Work

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN every profession there must automatically be a great gulf fixed between the earnings of the top-notchers and the little fellows. Nowhere is the contrast more noticeable—even including the bar—than in the profession of music. There are several orchestra leaders who make over £25,000 a year. There are between sixty and a hundred "key" men in dance orchestras who earn anything between £2,000 and £5,000 a year. After that there is a sudden drop to the £300 a year and £400 a year musicians. The £1,000 a year man seems to be non-existent, whether he is a dance orchestra musician or a straight orchestra player.

The talkies have, of course, been the chief cause of this acute grading of players. The Musicians' Union nine years ago had a membership of 23,000. To-day its members are barely 9,000. It is believed that there are not more than 12,000 professional musicians in the country. This is just as well, because it is also estimated that there are at the outside 8,000 "seats" as they call jobs in the business. There are in addition large numbers of amateurs of various grades who do cheap jobs for the L.C.C. and others. Practically every office and factory has a couple or more bands which, though primarily designed for entertaining their fellow workers, are also available for occasional outside engagements.

Musicians can be divided into four classes for the benefit of this article, the dance orchestra man, the theatre orchestra man, the stage orchestra man, and the straight orchestra man. It is interesting to know the different types of pay that they receive.

The hardest life and the best pay of all is enjoyed by the stage bandsmen. Jack Hylton's being the top. His nineteen men with their expenses, and travelling allowance cost £1,000 a week, which includes overhead expenses. None of them gets less than £40 a week. Many of them get £3,000 a year. They are paid in addition, for various side lines. But how they work! In London they may start recording at 9 a.m. and continue until an hour before a matinee performance at the Palladium. They play the first house. Then a special coach takes them to the Finsbury Park Empire, where they also play the first house. Back they go to the Palladium for the second house, and return to the Finsbury Park Empire for a similar job. After this they are whisked off to some dance hall like the Twickenham Lido, where they will play until 3 a.m.

On the Continent they play one city a night. Frequently they do not know whether they are playing in Ghent or Amsterdam. Their life is one sequence of trains, taxis, and charabancs. They have no time to get hair-cuts. One of the bandsmen cuts their hair on the train, and yet their shirt-fronts are as smooth at three in the morning as if they had not done a job all day.

On one occasion they were in Nottingham when Jack Hylton received a cable offering a large sum of money to broadcast to New York the same evening. They went by charabanc to London, arrived ten minutes before they were due on the air, played their half-hour, and went back by charabanc to Nottingham.

The five orchestra leaders who pay their men the highest are Jack Hylton, Bert Ambrose, Carol Gibbons, Harry Roy, and Roy Fox. The theatre musicians when they have to play during the show itself are paid 15s. if they are rank and file, 17s. 6d. if they are principals, while the leader gets £1 7s. 6d. All these rates are per performance, of which there are usually eight a week. In the case of theatres where there is no music during the run of the show, the players are usually all rank and file, and still get 15s. a performance merely for playing before the curtain and during the intervals. By contrast, the orchestra men used during the making of a film receive a minimum of £3 for an eight-hour day. If they are employed for synchronising music to a finished film, they are paid £2 per three hours.

Above and on left—RENDEZVOUS OF THE PROFESSION: Two pictures taken in Archer Street, Soho, a noted meeting place of London musicians, where they come to pass the time of day and to look for new assignments

DANCE BAND DE LUXE: Jack Hylton and his men, who are generally ranked as the finest combination in the country. None of them gets less than £40 a week and some earn as much as £3,000 a year

The musicians employed in straight orchestras such as those at the Opera are paid according to whether they are principals, sub-principals, or rank and file; the rates respectively being £12 10s., £9 17s. 6d., and £8 2s. 6d. per five-day week. They have to give their services, however, for at least four rehearsals a week free, and even for the preliminary rehearsals before an opera comes on they only get half salary. You will agree that this is not much.

The B.B.C., throughout all its branches, employs 350 musicians at varying rates, the London orchestra scale ranging upwards from £11 a week minimum with a month's holiday and a month's sick leave if necessary.

Orchestras in cinemas are almost entirely a thing of the past. Even the demand for orchestras among night clubs has died out since Lord Trenchard. There is, however, a demand for dance orchestra players for this fungus growth of bottle parties in the West End of London. I naturally except the Florida, the Cocoanut Grove, and one or two other of the respectably run bottle parties. The others, however, of which there are said to be 150 in London, and incidentally several more in Maidenhead and other places, are more disgraceful in character, environment, and atmosphere than the really low cellar night clubs of fifteen years ago.

My waste paper basket is full of impertinent invitations from these places to visit them. Many are in a single room, or two rooms of only a few square yards in area. The miserable musicians have to play from ten-thirty onwards until five or six or seven in the morning; they will probably receive only three or four pounds a week; the air is fœtid; fights are frequent; the worst riff-raff from every section of society frequent them. The bands vary in size from a pianist and drummer to half a dozen players. Whatever their number they are miserably underpaid. Listen to what one of the members of the Musicians' Union had to say of his experiences there the other day:—

"The playing is almost non-stop and the boys have to depend on the generosity of the frequenters of these sinks of iniquity for fags, drinks—these are bottled and sold back to the club owner—and tips, if any, for anything to pay their rent, food bills, instrument hire-purchase, repairs, and clothes bills. I would like to see the Musicians' Union withdraw every musician from these dumps and blot them out of existence."

It is difficult to understand how these places are allowed to continue by the police. Unfortunately the gap in the law has been discovered. You see, drink is not sold at them. The bottle party technically derives no profit from the sale of drinks sold by any of the wine merchants who choose to supply it, but every evening a Dutch bottle party takes place. It is not a club, nor is it open to the public. The premises are leased to various people acceptable to their directors, and nobody can enter without an invitation from one of those persons. These bottle parties are not clubs or restaurants, nor even private houses. They are buildings belonging to firms of caterers who lease them out nightly for these private parties. The menace of them is becoming more and more acute to the respectably run hotels and restaurants.

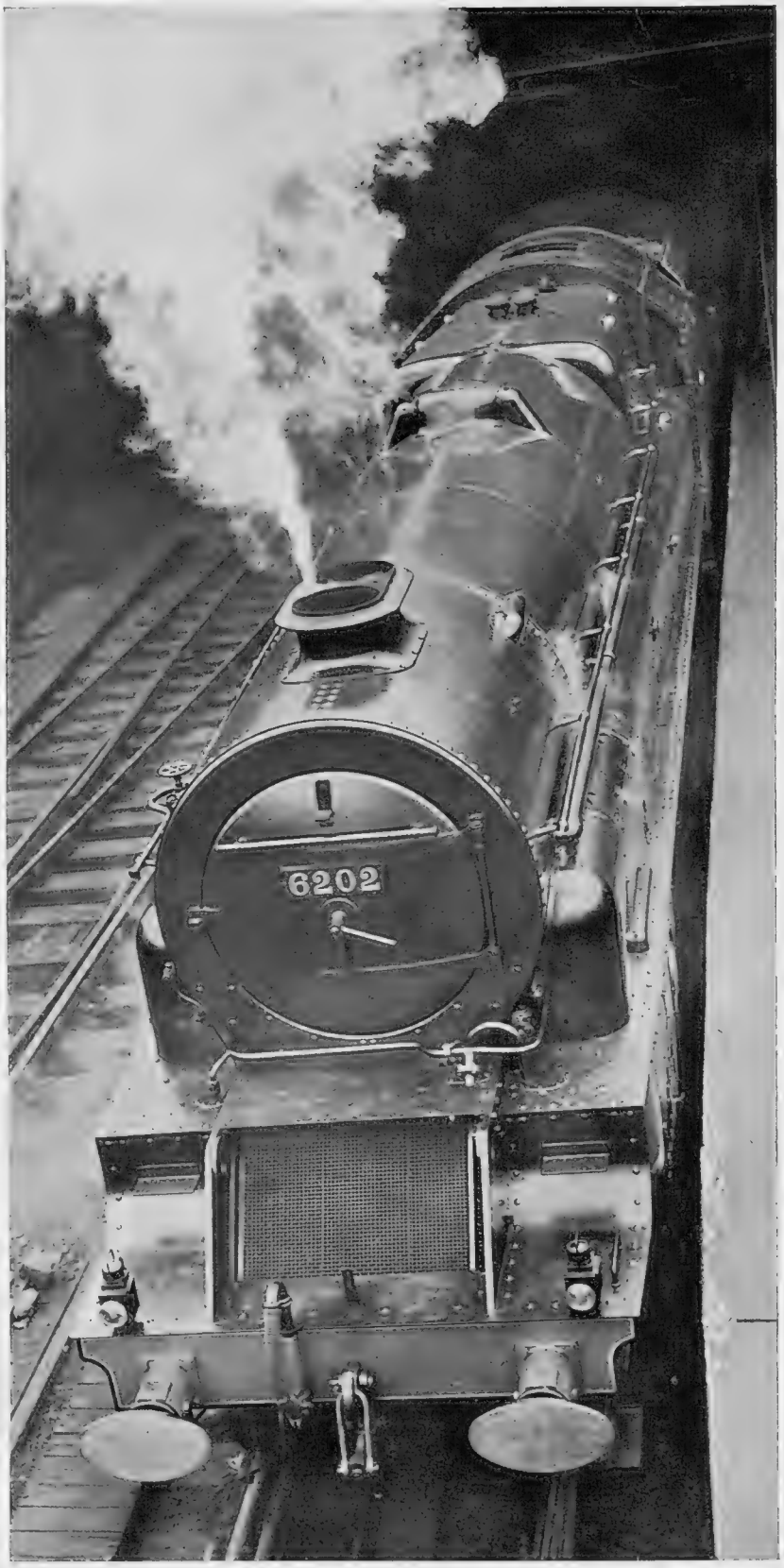
It seems a great pity that these undesirable haunts should be able to cut the throats of financially and morally sound establishments. It seems even more heinous that they should be able to underpay the already underpaid members of a dwindling profession.

Speed on the Line

Railroad Developments at Home and Abroad

A GERMAN FLYER: The latest stream-lined locomotive, No. 6000-1, travelling at speed on a non-stop run between Berlin and Hanover. It pulls only a few coaches and is the fastest train in the country, often attaining a speed of one hundred miles per hour and maintaining it for several minutes on end

THE ROYAL SCOT: The London Midland and Scottish Railway Company has found this type so successful in hauling heavily loaded passenger trains between London and Glasgow that they now have over seventy of them in service. They are said to be not only fast but economical to run



AN EXPERIMENTAL TYPE: An overhead view of the first British turbine locomotive which has been built in the L.M.S. workshops at Crewe and is now undergoing a series of preliminary trials. It has a double chimney, a radiator mounted below the smoke-box door, and is particularly notable for the absence of exterior working parts

A TRAVELLING HOTEL AT AN HISTORIC BEAUTY SPOT: The *Northern Belle*, which is taking holidaymakers on a train-tour of England and Scotland, seen on Glenfinnan Viaduct, Invernessshire, where it halted in order to allow travellers to walk along the track and admire the magnificent view. It was near here that in 1745 Prince Charles Edward, The Young Pretender, raised his standard and began his ill-fated march southwards on London

Air-Minded Holland

Once She was Mistress of the Seas and Held the Carrying Trade of the World; To-day She Plans to be Foremost in the Conquest of the Air

By ROY ELSTON

"THE ZILVERMEEUW": One of the latest three-engined passenger 'planes used by the Royal Dutch Air Lines. It operates on the Holland-Java route

In 1934 Holland carried 85,969 passengers through the air in 57 machines, including a fleet of the biggest and fastest passenger 'planes operating in Europe, and between Europe and the Far East.

In the world civil air statistics, Holland is led only by the United States (1933: 568,490 passengers in 504 machines), Germany (1933: 123,036 passengers in 172 machines), and France (1933: 52,163 passengers in 134 machines); and is followed by Great Britain and Italy. I am prepared to wager that the 1935 figures will put Holland up in the class, to lead France and make her the third civil air nation of the world.

Good for Holland! I hope our people will take up the challenge, as we once did on the sea, where for long the Dutch were our most formidable rivals. They are an adventurous and enterprising people, and have taken to the air as easily as their ancestors took to the water. Not a youngster in Holland but dreams of one day shortening the air route to the Dutch East Indies, and the progress of Dutch civil aviation is followed by the whole nation with an almost Elizabethan pride and enthusiasm. They have connected up the Motherland with all her colonies, and want more worlds to conquer in the air. "Why don't you let us run the service to Australia? Obviously, we could do it more efficiently and economically than your own organisations." Perhaps they could; but there are questions outside efficiency and economy which are not so easily talked about.

The Dutch nation was one of the first to become thoroughly "air-conscious." Clever air propaganda rapidly exploited the naturally progressive instincts of the people. Besides, not a day passes but the fisherman at his nets along the Zuyder Zee, the peasant hoeing his potatoes, the child clogging along brick-paved roads to school, sees passing overhead a giant 'plane bound for London, Barcelona, Milan, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Berlin, or Batavia. It is a small, intimate land, whose people soon become familiar with all that takes place upon and above it. In the little village where I write, the Berlin 'planes pass daily overhead, and my neighbour, a rheumaticky old farmer, checks his watch by them. Facts concerning the national air services are dinned into every school-child's brain, and the heroes of the day are Fokker, the Dutch designer, and Plesman, the organizer of Dutch civil aviation.

AN ORGANIZING GENIUS: Heer Plesman, the enterprising managing-director of the Royal Dutch Air Lines, who has been largely responsible for the extraordinarily rapid development of civil aviation in Holland

"Spectacular flights are good propaganda," said an authority at the K.L.M. building in The Hague, "but a time-table impresses our people more." The weekly service to the Dutch East Indies was flown last summer 100 per cent. to schedule—a fact more remarkable, if less stirring, than the record flight of the *Uiver* in the Melbourne race. This summer the East Indies flight has become twice-weekly, and the company is still obliged to turn passengers away. So successful was the service last year that the company was able to refund half-a-million guilders to the postal authorities. The time-table system is obviously a success.

In 1930–31 expenses were met 1 per cent. by passenger traffic; in 1932 the percentage stood at 8; in 1933 at 12; in 1934 at 18; and the 1935 percentage is expected to be 35. "Such progress is not only satisfying, but surprising." The Heer Plesman, who has been the organising genius in Dutch civil aviation from the beginning, can afford to be proud; his enterprise, energy, and organising ability are what has brought Holland to one of the highest places in world aviation.

He is a big man, big physically as well as mentally. I met him some twelve years ago, when the organisation was in its infancy; and again the other day, in his handsome office at The Hague. So much has happened in the meantime that I am sure he forgets the first meeting. Since then he has connected Amsterdam and the other Dutch cities with every capital of Europe, many of Asia, and with the Far Eastern colonies; and I know he will not mind a bit when I say that the remarkable expansion of his organisation is to a large extent reflected in his own dynamic figure, face, and voice! He is one of the busiest men in Holland, and it was kind of him to see me: I wish I could remember all the aeronautical things he said.

This I do remember: "If the technical departments of the various civil air organisations of Europe would only pool their experiences, the progress of aviation would be enormously speeded up. As it is, each national air service must study its problems with its own, insufficient data."

Again: "We have discovered the air-routes of the world, as the old navigators discovered the routes of the sea. What is needed now is new discovery in design. It is in that direction that aviation will advance."

"Stratosphere 'planes are the 'planes of the future—but of a very, very distant future. Meanwhile, the need, as I have said, is improved design and the construction of passenger and freight aeroplanes capable of longer single 'hops' than is possible at present."

And if stratosphere flights should come to pass, the organisation founded by the Heer Plesman will be one of the first to exploit them.

Fifteen years ago, on May 17, an English pilot in an English converted war machine made, for the Royal Air Company of Holland, the first of a regular series of flights between Holland and London. There were no Dutch pilots and no Dutch machines available, and the newly-established Dutch Company was obliged to borrow the one and buy the other from the British Aircraft Transport and Travel Company. The staff of the Dutch Company then numbered twelve. To-day it numbers 789. Its fleet has grown to fifty-seven machines and, excluding Germany, is probably the most up-to-date and effective in Europe. Its pilots are all Dutch and the majority of the aeroplanes have been designed by Dutch air engineers.

(Continued on p. 74)

LONG-DISTANCE AIR-LINERS: *Above*—A Douglas machine similar in type to *The Flying Hotel*, the 'plane that put up such a remarkable performance in the England-Australia air race last year, and afterwards came to grief in the Syrian desert. *On left*—The Fokker *F7a* which accomplished the first passenger-flight between Holland and the Dutch East Indies

Films Made, and in the Making

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: Cedric Hardwicke as the Marquess of Steyne, in *Becky Sharp*, the full-length colour film at the New Gallery

A CLASSIC SCREENED: Two "stills" from *Becky Sharp*, the picture based on Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. *Left, above*—Colin Tapley and Frances Dee. *Right*—Alan Mowbray as Rawdon Crawley, the military exquisite

A RECRUIT TO ENGLISH FILMS: Helen Vinson, the beautiful Hollywood star, as she appears in the Gaumont-British convict melodrama, *King of the Damned*, which is now nearing completion at the Shepherd's Bush studios

THE EPITOME OF VERSATILITY: Noel Coward as the cynical publisher in his first film, *The Scoundrel*, which was well received when it was recently presented in the West End

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES: Edmund Willard being made up for the part of a convict at the Gaumont-British studios, where he is starring with Conrad Veidt in *King of the Damned*—a film based on a play of the same name which deals with life in a tropical penal settlement in South America, and culminates with a rebellion organized by the prisoners

FOR MUSIC LOVERS: Two "stills" from *Barcarole*, the Gunther Stapenhorst production directed by Gerhard Lamprecht, which was shown for the first time in this country on July 4 at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair. *Left*—Edwige Feuillere, a young actress who is new to English audiences, and Marthe Mellot. *Right*—An episode on the Grand Canal, Venice. A notable feature of the picture is the music, which includes some of Offenbach's most popular works

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

A New Study of George IV: Frank Hird's Entertaining Life of Stanley: Dornford Yates takes the Dordogne country near Bordeaux as the setting for his latest thriller: The Autobiography of an Unemployed American

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

Readers of Mr. Osbert Sitwell's recent learned and delightful book on Brighton will remember with what gallantry, supported by contemporary authority and the dictates of a man of taste and culture, he leaped to the defence of the character of King George IV. *The First Gentleman of Europe* is hardly a subject for indiscriminate whitewashing, but that he was the victim of a good deal of malicious blackwashing on the part of Whig historians—as well as by Thackeray—cannot for one moment be denied by the fair-minded. It is well to remember, as Mr. Fulford points out in his new biography GEORGE IV (Duckworth. 9s. net), that the popular attitude towards the monarchy since the Regency has undergone an almost complete metamorphosis.

A NEW LIFE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: Count Michael de la Bedoyere, whose biography of George Washington has recently been published by Messrs. Harrap. The author, who is a great-nephew of Henry Labouchere, the Victorian Radical politician, had a distinguished academic career at Oxford and is now editor of *The Catholic Herald*. He has also written a life of Lafayette

It is perhaps reasonable that in the more stuffy period of Victoria's reign the character of a king who was a libertine, but who still carried about him some of the artistic grace of the eighteenth century, though at the same time the victim of contemporary calumnies, should have been condemned.

Modern biography is inclined to aim at frankness, to deal in high lights, to condone few faults, and to extol few virtues. It is pleasant, therefore, to find in Mr. Fulford's study a reasoned and objective picture of his subject, in which he balances exceedingly well the bias which might legitimately have caused him to lean leniently to one side, having regard to the countless biographies which have gone before.

We who can now appraise all that is ugly and uninspired in the Victorian era are perhaps better able to appraise the character of a king who was not only a patron of the arts, a man of artistic discrimination, a skilled musician, and one under whose reign the first intelligent attempt at town planning was made, but who was at the same time a flamboyant and picturesque figure in the life of his times.

To hold the balance between such qualities as the subject had, and the less pleasing side of his life and character, is indeed a remarkable biographical feat; but Mr. Fulford instils into his book an even greater quality, and that is essential readability.

I imagine that there are plenty of people who will disagree with this estimate of the character of George IV; but there will be few to deny that he has made a very fine book out of his subject; that he has given point and colour to it, and has created very skilfully a most enjoyable picture of those flamboyant times.

The book is a worthy choice of the Book Society, and I have no doubt that it will achieve a wide sale during the next few months.

Stanley has often been called the last of the great adventurers. Mr. Frank Hird who has just published the authorised life story, H. M. STANLEY, (Stanley Paul. 18s.) writes with a good deal of conviction of his claim to this title, and he has succeeded in presenting the clearest and least biased case for Stanley that I have ever read.

This great explorer was one of the most extraordinary men of the Victorian age. He was raised in an orphanage in loneliness, discomfort, and actual privation and he came to be the friend of kings and princes and the most famous figure of his time.

In 1869, when he was *New York Herald* correspondent in Spain, Stanley wrote of Christopher Columbus: "Let them say what they will, but his greatness may be pardoned many faults of education and time. His faults were human, but his spirit was godlike." It might be Stanley's own epitaph.

Mr. Hird's knowledge of his subject is considerable. and he has the ability to make bald statements of fact exciting. Certainly, the facts of Stanley's life were exciting enough, but they might have been mishandled and made to appear tedious.

A BOOK WITH AN UNUSUAL THEME: Eleanor Carroll Chilton, author of *Follow the Furies* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.), a novel dealing with the revolt of youth from the freedom of modern life. Miss Chilton comes from Virginia but she has spent a considerable time in London

There are no two ways about the stories of Mr. Dornford Yates.

Black is ebony, and white has an unearthly and shining clarity. His latest book is one of adventure, SHE FELL AMONG THIEVES (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), and it is creepy, hair-raising, and scarcely credible for two successive sentences.

If the object of fiction, though, is to "take you out of yourself," here is fiction indeed, and of the most satisfactory kind. Except for the classic, and excellent theme of the damsel in distress, there is nothing hackneyed about Mr. Yates' story, and the background itself, the Dordogne country near Bordeaux, is distinctly unexpected in a modern adventure story.

Strictly speaking, it is no part of a reviewer's province to be depressed by a novel he may read. I must confess to a fallibility however in this respect. I was depressed and left in what one's old nurse used to call "a very low state" by Miss Mary Lutyens' new novel, PERCHANCE TO DREAM (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

There is a doubtful but sincere compliment hidden behind this. I find Miss Lutyens a writer of great perception and feeling, and it is because of these qualities that she has the power of influencing the mood even of a reviewer. Which is like saying that one is made miserable by only the best writers.

Occasionally this particular author gives one a shock, but these occasions are few, and only once, luckily, does Miss Lutyens write: "As we rushed through the night my thoughts streamed behind us like white velvet ribbons."

"And now, still with the object of avoiding any scandal in the club, which, of course, has been the motive influencing all our actions," writes Mr. Richard Hull, "perhaps you will be so good as to promise me to walk quite quietly to bedroom No. 4?"

Here is a new kind of thriller, a murder executed with gentlemanly decorum in a club, and detected in the best traditions of Mr. Holmes of Baker Street. KEEP IT QUIET (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) has remarkable vitality considering that the scene is a London club of sober distinction. Personally I began to enjoy the book at a very early stage, when the most tiresome of all the club members is neatly "bumped off."

WHITE, BROWN, AND BLACK (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is a book of traveller's experiences by a vigorous young Frenchwoman, Mlle Marcelle Prat, whose descriptions make up in drama what they lack in purely "Baedeker" value.

America—that is to say the United States and Mexico—Egypt, a little of Abyssinia, and the Sudan are the scenes of Mlle Prat's journeyings. Misleadingly, or perhaps only optimistically, the book is labelled prominently "Abyssinia . . . learn something about her people, their customs, and life there to-day." Actually, in my opinion, the part of this book devoted to Abyssinia is the least important, if the most highly coloured.

It is an amusing book though, and I particularly liked the interview with "Ma" Ferguson, the famous woman governor of Texas. Mrs. Ferguson's daughter conducted most of the interview on her mother's behalf with great assurance and volubility. The governor herself answered only one direct question.

"Do you believe," I said, in a tone not far short of insolence, "that you do any better than the men?"

"We couldn't do any worse," she replied philosophically.

Authors who are modest enough to dedicate their book to their "patient friends" succeed in those two words in endearing themselves to their readers.

The Rt. Hon. Wedgwood Benn and Margaret Benn, his wife, are two such authors, and BECKONING HORIZON (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is the story of their journeyings across the United States, Siberia, Manchukuo, China, and Japan. Of the United States it might be said that the writers travelled backwards and forwards across it (or them), and that they are better qualified to write their impressions of them than those ambitious train travellers who see the Middle West from a Chicago platform, and the West from the station arches of Albuquerque.

The Secretary of State for India, in the last Socialist Government, has a straightforward and lively sense of narrative, and an understanding of descriptive writing which must have been sadly wasted while he was in office.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF A GREAT VICTORIAN: Frank Hird who has recently published a life of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, the famous explorer, who found Livingstone and did so much to increase our knowledge of tropical Africa

I have never before read a book from which a whole chapter had been cut, and replaced by six pages of publishers' apologies printed on grey-blue paper. It is an ingenious, and probably discreet idea, but I have reached an age when discretion is the least appealing of the virtues, and I would like to have read that missing chapter IV.

WAITING FOR NOTHING (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is the autobiography, presumably authentic, of an unemployed man in America. Mr. Tom Kromer came from Virginia, and worked his way through college. After that he taught for two years in mountain schools in West Virginia.

"I do not remember anything memorable about that except that Emil, one of my star pupils, who wanted to do nothing in school or in life but catch flies and pull their wings out, caught fifty-four flies in one day without ever having completely left the edge of his seat . . Since the best he had ever done under any other teacher was forty-three flies, I felt that I was a passing success as a school teacher."

After that there was no work, no chance of any kind of employment through the whole tragic and brutal story.

"I had no idea" writes Tom Kromer in the little autobiographical sketch at the beginning of the book, "of getting *Waiting for Nothing* published, therefore I wrote it just as I felt it, and used the language that stiffs use, even when it wasn't always the nicest language in the world."

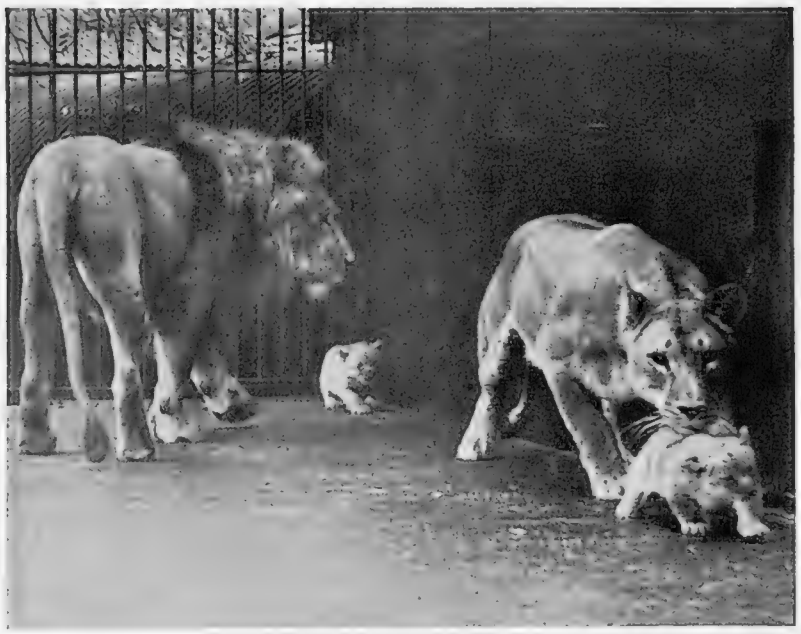
A BOOK LIST

FABER & FABER.—A BACKGROUND FOR DOMENICO SCARLATTI. 1685–1757: Written for His Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary. By Sacheverell Sitwell. EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING: Chapters on Children and on Childhood as it is revealed in particular in Early Memories and in Early Writings. By Walter de la Mare. 21s. JARROLDS.—NEW TALES OF HUMOUR: By Leading Authors. Edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. 2s. 6d. CRUISING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. By W. J. Archer. Foreword by Clare Sheridan. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL.—THE POPULAR PRACTICE OF YOGA. By Dr. R. Mulbagala. 7s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—FISHES: Their Ways of Life. By Louis Roule. Translated from the French by Conrad Elphinstone. 12s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—THE MEMOIRS OF ERNEST RENAN. Translated by J. Lewis May. 7s. 6d. CONTINENTAL CRIMES. By E. Liebermann von Sonnenberg and O. Trettin. With a Foreword by George Dilnot. 10s. 6d. THE FLOATING REPUBLIC. By G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobree. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: A Biography by Hesketh Pearson. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—LAST DAYS WITH CLEOPATRA. By Jack Lindsay. 8s. 6d. YOUTH BREAKS IN. By Katrin Holland. 7s. 6d. SCOTLAND ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. 5s. BELGIUM ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. 5s. DENT.—THE LEMON FARM. By Martin Boyd. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—SATURDAY ISLAND. By Hugh Brooke. 7s. 6d. KAY THE LEFTHANDED. By Leslie Barringer. 7s. 6d. WILDERNESS. By Derrick Leon. 7s. 6d. THE EVENING STANDARD BOOK OF MENUS. By X. Marcel Boulestin. 5s. THE ANGEL OF THE ASSASSINATION: Charlotte de Corday. By Joseph Shearing. Illustrated. 9s. CRANLEY & DAY.—GLASSHOUSES. By Arthur Stephen. 7s. 6d.

MATERNAL BLISS: A new picture of the Chessington lioness and her cubs

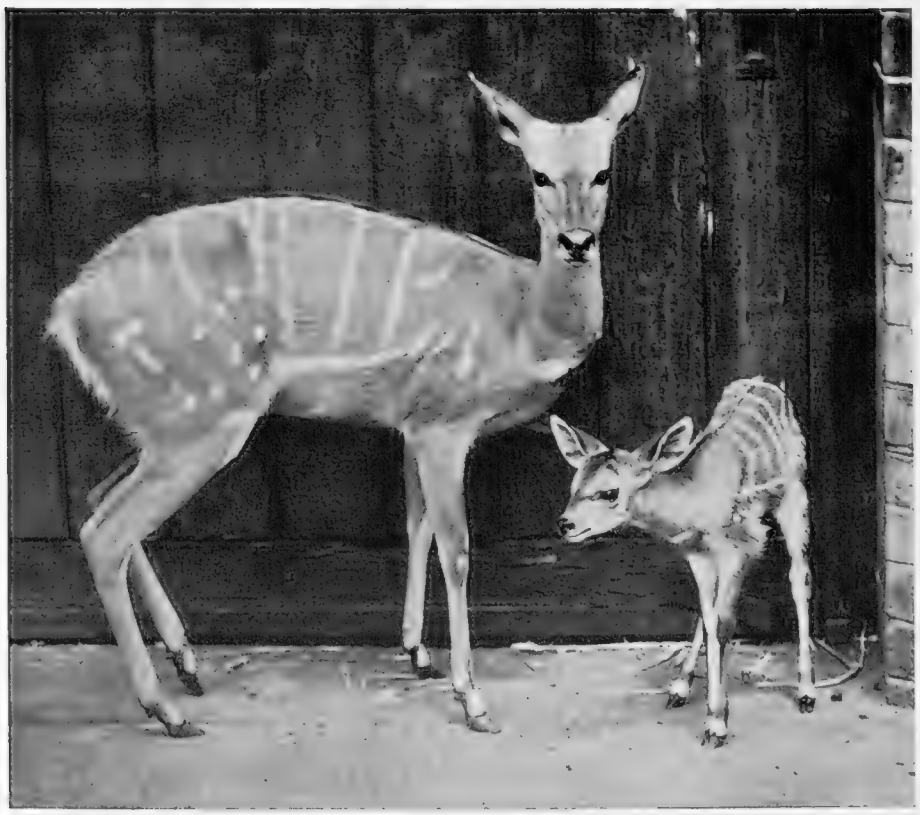
ZOO BABIES

A New Series of Camera Studies



LIONS "EN FAMILLE": A delightful camera study of cubs recently born at a private zoo in Surrey. Billy and Sally are indulgent parents and engage in long and kittenish games with their offspring

HIS FIRST SUMMER: The young camel, born last Christmas at Regent's Park, is exhausted by the heat wave—a disconcerting experience, in spite of the fact that he is physically equipped to stand a much hotter climate



A JUNE BABY

The new West African harnessed antelope, whose arrival was something of an event at the London Zoo, since he is only the second of his kind to be born there within the last 106 years

A zebra foal, one of Whipsnade's newest arrivals, takes a look at the world from its paddock

MOTHER AND SON

Specially posed for THE SPHERE

THE NEW X-RAY IN ENGLAND: Professor Schaoul's recent invention, the Near Distance Therapy equipment, has been installed at the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road, through the generosity of Sir Herbert Austin. Above and on the left, below, are posed pictures showing how a patient receives treatment

NEW TREATMENT FOR CANCER

The Development of the Low-Voltage X-Ray that Will Aid Radium

These three pictures show the practical use of the new low-voltage X-ray apparatus invented by Professor Schaoul of Berlin and already in use in that city. The apparatus is both compact and easy to handle, the chief point about it being the fact that the water-cooled tube, in which the X-rays are generated, can be brought to within a twentieth of an inch of the part of the body to be treated. Treatment can therefore be accurately controlled. It is believed that the equipment will be cheap and compact enough to be installed in most cottage hospitals, and that within a year X-rays will have produced radiation as penetrating as that of radium itself

AT THE CENTRAL PANEL of the apparatus, which can be worked with safety by any qualified doctor

GOODWOOD

A RACE MEETING IN A GLORIOUS SETTING

Chic, practical, and admirably tailored, this navy taffeta suit from Harrods will be ideal if the weather is traditionally fine and warm. The skirt is very simple, the coat is waisted, and it has a waistcoat front and wide "corrugated" revers. The hat is Suzanne Talbot's white gros grain model with an amusing fan-shaped veil

A plain black crêpe-de-chine skirt with inverted pleats at the hem, a black coat printed with vivid flowers and finished with a velvet collar, and a froth of organdie frills at the neck, delicately spotted—could anything be more charming? The jacket is lined with taffeta so that the pleats at the back stand out crisply. It comes from Debenham & Freebody

If you want to wear tweeds here is a most distinguished light-weight suit in porridge coloured tweed, flecked with light beige and black. The skirt has two box pleats at the front, the excellently cut loose coat is lined with green crêpe-de-chine, and the jumper is made of a novelty woollen fabric in hunters' green. It has two pockets and long sleeves, and this ensemble comes from Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

DRAWING ALL LONDON TO THE HIPPODROME: Renée Houston who has scored a great personal triumph in the rollicking new musical comedy *Love Laughs*—a type of entertainment hitherto outside her province

Drama of the Week

John Gielgud at his Best in "Noah" at the New Theatre: The Guitrys Prove an Outstanding Box-Office Attraction in a Slight but Entertaining Farcical Comedy at Daly's

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

A PRODUCTION of M. André Obey's quaint and charming fantasy, *Noë*, in anything other than the original French must be a daring step. At the New Theatre, with *Noah*, they have not only dared, but—let me say it at once—they have abundantly succeeded.

This is in spite of the fact that the words used are not even a direct translation; they are an anglicization of a version made for America by one Arthur Wilmurt. How far Mr. Wilmurt was responsible (in addition, of course, to M. Obey) for an evening which will rank high in my theatrical memories for sheer delight, and how far the writer who has adapted him by, presumably, eliminating obvious Americanisms, I do not know. The delicious result is there.

Yet need the Americanisms really have been eliminated? The original French version, as played here by the Compagnie des Quinze, was exquisite and the acting, as a whole, even better than that at the New Theatre, if only because the company had homogeneity and perfect familiarity one with another. Failing this, and failing, too, the language in which Noah actually spoke (if we can speculate at all into such remoteness) why should not Mr. Wilmurt's American have been spoken? We know that Noah did not speak it; nor did he speak English or French.

But perhaps this is being meticulous in the matter of an entertainment wholly satisfying. Here is a Biblical story treated neither as material for the nursery nor as romantic drama, with its heavy resounding periods of near-poetry. It inclines to the former; but there is a sophisticated twist to the ingenuous simplicity of it all. Neither the author nor Mr. John Gielgud (of whose superb performance as Noah more anon) is poking fun at the characters or the story. The Deity is alluded to and addressed directly with the easy familiarity we found among the coloured folk of *Green Pastures*. If this raises smiles—and it raises many smiles—there is no suggestion of blasphemy about them.

Indeed, I have rarely seen, for all its quaintness, a more deeply reverent play. When the animals—odd beasts, thanks to the skins designed by "Motley" and to the actors who impersonate them—praise God in His Holiness, by making their several noises, the moment is one of quite extraordinary loveliness. There is all that is best in *Peter Pan* here, without any of its mawkishness. Moreover, this play has proved the fallacy of the oft-repeated dictum that the French stage has romance in plenty but that fantasy is distant from it, and whimsicality even more distant. Old Noah's faith in his Creator, whom he addresses much as a fourth-form boy might address a feared but a much-loved schoolmaster, is often amusing but never ceases to be touching as well.

Mr. Gielgud can take a large portion of credit for the play's success because he has entered so fully into the spirit of it. He has disdained fooling for the sake of fooling and has, with complete success, allowed this strange little piece to make its own appeal. His make-up is an almost incredible disguise, but even that is not an exaggeration. The old man Noah is given dignity as well as oddity and the two blend perfectly. This I consider to be a far finer effort than Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet or his Richard of Bordeaux, and not only because he cannot here rely upon personal attractions. Also, it is more audible, a prosaic but important point. An actor of less taste might have clowned the part and deliberately "played for laughs." That would have sent *Noah* toppling down into nothing, Ark and all. As it is the playgoing animals will be marching into the New Theatre, two by two, for a long time to come. There are few, if any, really weak spots in the company. And for special laudatory mention I must select Miss Marjorie Fielding, as a very human and lovable Mrs. Noah, and Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston.

The Guitrys.—The Guitrys are here again (with Mlle. Jacqueline Delubac as the present—and third—Madame Guitry), and Daly's, having been battling with fortune for some little time with English farce, is now on a certain winner for a few weeks with the French variety.

Le Nouveau Testament, with which M. Guitry opened his season (the programme has since been changed), is one of those deft but slight farcical comedies over which most people go into raptures owing to the fact that Sacha himself has written it and is appearing in it, and also because it is in French. If it had been played in English, by an undistinguished company, with Mr. Jones of Peckham proclaimed as its author, those same people would probably have sniffed at it as poor stuff, or stayed away in large numbers.

I am not for one moment seeking to deny that M. Guitry is a consummately skilled actor in the line he has chosen for himself, or that *Le Nouveau Testament* has numerous merits, particularly in the first act, which I found vastly amusing. But this is far from being one of his best plays or, for that matter, a good play at all (save in a strictly limited sense).

Fortunately for all concerned it would take a far worse play than this to convince the snobbish faithful that every word M. Guitry writes is not part of a masterpiece of stage-craft. I doubt whether M. Guitry has himself any illusions on the subject; it would not be surprising to find in his own will (may the time be far distant) a confession that the dexterous little plays which he turns out by the score have been written with his tongue in his cheek and both eyes on the box-office. And from that point of view, devilish clever they are, and most pleasantly entertaining.

I do not propose to describe at any length a play which has already disappeared, which we are hardly likely to see again. It was about a will which showed that where there is a will there is a way, and that M. Guitry in this play had a way with him and with women. Of course he telephoned at great length. But then, I should be disappointed to find M. Guitry in any play without a telephone; perhaps that was why *Mozart*, for all its charm, was not completely satisfying. And he ate a grape fruit while he telephoned, and got sugar on his fingers, too. He talked and talked with every variety of gesture and inflection, and it was all admirable in its way until those long long interviews with women in the closing act, when all the sparkle seemed to disappear.

None the less, the audience laughed just as loudly, and when they were a fraction of a second late in understanding a joke they laughed more loudly than ever; and when (as I suspect happened not infrequently), they didn't understand it at all, they bounced in their stalls in ecstasies of *fortissimo* cachinnation. For all that, M. Guitry is an exquisite artist and a brilliant showman.

Mlle Delubac, who here played her husband's (stage) daughter, has vastly improved since her last visit. She has gained in sincerity and confidence, but is still a little undertoned. The bulk of the work on the female side was performed by Mlle Daussmond, who was altogether excellent and even managed to rescue stage hysterics from tedium.

NOTABLE VISITORS: The Guitrys who are starring together in farce at Daly's Theatre. The first play in which they appeared, *Le Nouveau Testament*, is reviewed on this page

Ann Moray.—In a comparatively quiet week in the theatre there were some interesting solo performances. At the Aeolian Hall, Miss Ann Moray gave some operatic excerpts in costume; she is a graceful singer, with a good, true tone, and she can obviously act a bit. She had the advantage of being accompanied part of the evening by an orchestra conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, whom I am glad to see back at work again, restored to health after a long long illness.

Miss Moray's charming personality, as well as her sense of musicianship, carried her through some Gluck and Handel; she looked delightful in some selections from *Manon* (the Massenet one); and she sang also the favourite aria from Charpentier's *Louise*. The dramatic conviction with which she delivered the words *Je tremble délicieusement au souvenir charmant du premier jour d'amour* may or may not have been due to the fact that she had been married the previous day.

ON SCREEN AND STAGE: Claire Luce, who is now appearing in the musical comedy, *Gay Deceivers*, at the Gaiety, and in the film version of *Vintage Wine* at the Plaza. Mr. Philip Page, "The Sphere's" dramatic critic, has a great opinion of this young American actress's abilities and in a recent issue he said "she has that inestimable gift of repose, and never makes the slightest gesture unless there is a meaning attached to it. When she has to tackle a scene of tragic significance, her power and sincerity are therefore the more effective. And a quiet, shy sense of fun rarely leaves her"

Some of us like to go by river: some of us prefer to sit and watch the river go by. But there are few objections from either party when the time comes to complete a perfect afternoon with a refreshing glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale, cool and clear.

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I. P. S.

RENÉ DESCARTES: This bust of the great French philosopher and mathematician by Giovanni Bernini, the Italian sculptor, has been presented by Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York, to Harvard University as a memorial to William James, the American philosopher

The Sale of the Pierpont Morgan Miniatures

Two Gems of the Collection Return to England After an Absence of Twenty Years

The dispersal of the Pierpont Morgan miniatures, which occupied four days during the last week in June, was one of the most important sales of the summer season, vying with the great Joel sale. It attracted such a great number of visitors to Messrs. Christie's rooms during the previous week that it was difficult to get near the cases, over which people were poring. One had to queue up and gradually edge one's way in and go step by step, devouring the miniatures and consulting the bulky catalogue of nearly 300 pages.

But this slow process was well rewarded for the miniatures were a joy to see, so excellent in their workmanship, so varied in style, and so representative of the whole field of the art of the miniature painter. The actual sale-days occurred during the heat wave, but so keen was the interest that, despite the discomfort, the great room was densely crowded. Many buyers had come from the Continent, particularly from France, eager to purchase miniatures of special interest to them, and in consequence the bidding was always very brisk.

The two chief items in the sale were the Armada jewel, and the Holbein portrait of Mrs. Pemberton, both of which, one is glad to record, are to remain permanently in England. The gold pendant, known as the Armada jewel (described in a previous issue), rose from an initial bid of 500 guineas by Mr. George Robey to 2,700 guineas, when the Amsterdam dealer, Dr. Beets, retired, leaving the jewel to the bidder for the National Arts Collection Fund. Lord Wakefield generously offered to pay the whole of this sum.

The magnificent Holbein reached the record price of 5,900 guineas, given by Lord Duveen, who thus paid more than double the amount given for this miniature when it was sold in 1904. It can now be seen, together with the Armada Jewel, in the Central Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum, for it has been bought for the nation from Lord Duveen at the price he gave for it. The purchase money was made up by the National Arts Collection Fund, the gift from Lord Bearsted of £1,000, and the remainder from a fund held by the museum given by the late Captain H. B. Murray. So two rare English possessions are once again in the home of their origin, after an absence in America of twenty years.

Readers of THE SPHERE will be interested to learn that the fine enamel miniature of Mary, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, illustrated in the issue of June 29, realised £785, being bought for the Stockholm Museum. It was a splendid example of Jean Petitot's work. He was really the founder of this particular type of miniature which involved the firing of the enamelled plate in a small kiln, a tricky and difficult piece of work, but producing excellent results when successful. Petitot, who died in 1691 at the age of eighty-four, did most of his best work in England, painting the men and women of the Stuart Court.

B. H.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CRAFTSMANSHIP: This superb Italian charger, made by Gaspare Mola, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on July 25. In the centre is a portrait of Pope Gregory XIII

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On June 29 Lieut.-General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter inspected the boys of the Newport Market Army Bands School, Darrick Wood, Orpington, Kent (which is a branch of the above Society), and in his report he mentioned that the movements were well carried out, the leading exceptionally good; not an easy matter with cadets of widely different heights. The marching and counter-marching of the Band were admirable. The exhibition of swimming and diving in the swimming bath proved that the lads had been admirably instructed, and with great success. The General congratulated the Superintendent on the spirit of keenness of the boys and their happy appearance. Lady Bonham-Carter accompanied the General and distributed the prizes. Funds are urgently needed to assist in the Great Work that the Society are carrying on in this School, and in their other Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa* and gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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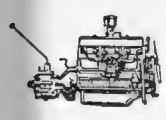

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WONDERS OF THE HÔTEL DROUOT

(Continued from p. 46)

Salle Nine, of the Princely Wines. I do not refer to the absence of oxygen cylinders but to the appallingly un-iced look of the Clicquot rosé over which I hovered, there nestling horribly hot in its hay, before leaving for the Old Masters across the passage.

There are thirteen Salles on two floors at Drouot's. Downstairs are the vulgar sell-ups—for at this mart anything may arrive, according to law. The Hôtel takes 14 per cent. commission. You will find Corots next old baths and crockery, although the former are being specially watched, of course. It really reminded me more of the immediate salvaging from a wartime bombardment than anything else. You did see such extraordinary things peeping out.

Then you would return upstairs and listen to a letter from Marie Duplessis to Dumas going for 2,600 francs. I don't know what it is, but in the nostalgic-memory business the Lady with the Camellias has them all beaten. There were men and women around me—of a certain age, naturally—who eyed that Duplessis item with a thrill that positively communicated itself.

Drouot's would never have gained its eminence without Napoleana. One noted, for auction on a subsequent day, a letter from the young General, from Cairo, planning a propaganda theatre; a second, in which occurs the well-known phrase, "The spirit of Rivoli planes over us"; a third, to Barras, in which the youthful commander observes in his most abrupt fashion:

> "I left Paris on 23 Ventôse, I began the campaign on 22 Germinal, up to to-day I have delivered six battles. I have in ten days taken 12,000 prisoners, killed 6,000, taken twenty-one standards, forty cannon. You see I've not been wasting my time."

In another Salle that same day Jane Marnac, actress, would be disposing of her collection. Indubitably Tout-Paris turned up for that; yet la femme chic cannot stay long in Drouot's in hot weather, not even if she has spent the whole of the preceding forty-eight hours Elizabeth Ardening herself. Complexions just seem to crack.

Autographs and manuscripts are not doing so well these hard times. Anatole, letter from, 500 francs; 1913 war warning by Clemenceau, 900 francs; but a small collection of letters written by flying pioneers were well paid for by the Aeronautical Museum, though why young Marc Pourpe fetched 4,000 francs to Guynemer's 2,000 francs, and to Latham's 500 francs, is not directly obvious. Pourpe flew up the Nile in 1910. Perhaps a much-circulated rumour of his origin had something to do with it.

A pearl necklace belonging to Madame Renard, killed with her husband in a Congo air crash, 153,000 francs; a Franz Hals, 630,000 francs; the biggest sales this year so far, those of Bernard Franc, a gentleman named Beraldi, and another named Rahir whose collection, since 1930, has already fetched 17,000,000 francs.

. . . Well, do not *all* absent yourselves from Drouot's, next time you are in Paris and have an hour to spare in that worst time of the day, the early afternoon. Just say "Drouot's" to the taxi-man. He'll probably take you to Drouants, but that is incurable.

I find I must leave out half the material I collected. I suppose that is a good thing. But it is realised, it is not, what an interesting place Drouot's can be? A place where all the centuries seem to keep colliding in nonstop sparkle? A place where most interesting human creatures, veritable Balzacians, promenade? The very last atom of atmosphere of a vanished Paris, too, in this dirty old building? A place where you can buy green parasols and Clicquot rosé?

CONTINUATIONS

MONSOON

(Continued from p. 50)

teeming population which, even then, lacking either organisation, forethought, or communication, died in myriads. To-day, grain stored at the greater centres, or kept in reserve in the canal-fed plains that border the Himalaya, can be rushed by the train-load to any starving area. A complete and workmanlike system exists whereby any portion of the continent can be placed under the Famine Act; and resources and personnel, to a set plan, mobilised with an almost military efficiency. Even then, with the gutless helpless fatalism of all Easterns, villagers, within the very sight and sound of help, die by the hundred and the thousand.

In one year alone, 1919, when the scourge of Spanish influenza swept across the world, no fewer than nine million Indians died of it. And who, in all this England of ours, has ever heard of the fact, much less remembered it?

The cloud-masses sweep in from the sea. All nature disappears beneath a welter of crashing, thundering cataract. "The monsoon has broken." And the sigh of relief rising through the length and breadth of a parched land is echoed by the tall grey-haired man in his office in Whitehall, as he opens and reads the cablegram.

"Thank God for that. Safe again, for another year"!

AIR-MINDED HOLLAND

(Continued from p. 64)

From the 17th May 1920, when the service was opened, up to the 7th October 1934, the total number of paying passengers carried on the regular services was 240,532, and the distance covered was 22,000,000 kilometres. In 1920, the same year as the line to London was opened, a service was started to Hamburg. Since then, year by year, it has extended, until now a network of Dutch lines covers the whole of Europe and extends to the Far East. Brussels was brought into the net in 1923, in which year winter services were commenced; a year later came Paris, followed in 1924 by the resumed service to Hamburg; in 1926 came Malmö; and each succeeding year saw new lines added to the service. Last year the line to Hull and Liverpool was opened; and early this year came the new service to Milan. The regular fortnightly service to Java was commenced in September 1930. This subsequently became a weekly service, and then a twice-weekly service. Last year an experimental flight was made to the Dutch West Indies where the machine has remained to carry out local services. An interesting fact is that of the total mail carried between Holland and the Dutch East Indies, 41 per cent. now goes by air.

Even at this moment, as I write, the Berlin 'plane, one of the newest long-nosed Douglas machines, is zooming over my head on its way to Schiphol.

Schiphol Aerodrome I remember twelve years ago. It is some forty minutes' taxi-ride outside Amsterdam, and we were waiting there for the arrival of the London 'plane. A couple of old De Havilland machines stood in the hangars. Half-a-dozen mechanics sauntered about. In the small, lean-to canteen a man and a woman were drinking coffee. The scene was quiet and peaceful, with, so to speak, an experimental air. The single-engined, London 'plane, coming out of the cloud, circled above us and created a sense of expectancy and excitement. Two officials ran out to greet the machine as it taxied along the green field, and the couple at the canteen paused in their coffee-drinking. Hinchcliffe was, I remember, the pilot. A tall, lean figure; he jumped out of the cockpit and waved to a friend. Then, lighting a cigarette, he squatted on the grass and began writing notes in a little book. The passengers moved off to a waiting car and were driven in to Amsterdam. The couple at the canteen resumed their coffee-drinking, and the aerodrome became somnolent again.

That Schiphol is unrecognizable to-day. It has been enlarged and modernized, and at this moment is being still further enlarged and modernized. It has become one of the chief nerve-centres of European air traffic. The drone of 'planes is never still—huge, silvery monsters that keep Holland in rapid communication with all the cities of Europe, North Africa, and Asia.

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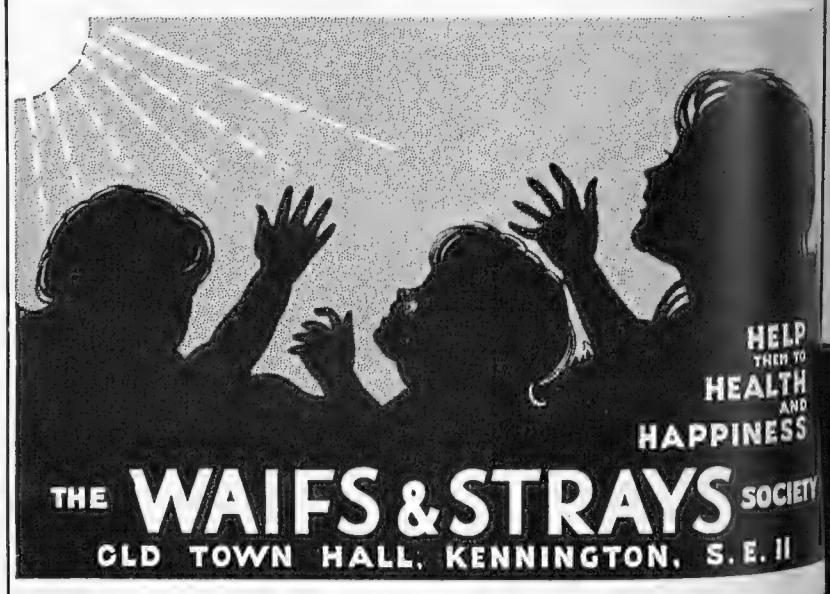

TRAVEL FLICKERS No 2

see radiant

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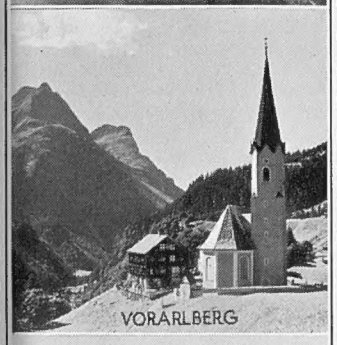

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.— Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

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Heidelberg. — Reichspost-Hotel. — Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

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Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station 300 beds. Every comfort.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

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Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

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THE FIRST ROYAL REVIEW OF THE R.A.F. (Continued from p. 43)

areas to their position in review formation, and from review formation to the leeward side of the aerodrome ready to take off.

Many people may have wondered why there were 356 machines in the ground review at Mildenhall while only 182 flew past the King at Duxford. In the main this was due to the fact that the capacity of any aerodrome is limited. With the greatest speed possible it takes a considerable time to get 180 machines off the ground squadron by squadron in a safe and orderly manner. Thus the time available between the moment the King left Mildenhall and the time the fly past had to begin at Duxford was one of the factors which limited the number of machines taking part in it.

After the King had left Mildenhall some 180 machines in the review parade which were not flying past had to be moved to positions on the edges of the taking-off area to clear a way for those which had to fly, and then these had to taxi out into position for taking off.

Had more machines been employed in the fly past another factor might have had to be considered. The bombers are designed to carry heavy loads to long distances, but the fast interceptor fighters are intended to fly very quickly to great heights near their home base to intercept an attacker of whose approach they have had but little warning. They therefore carry only a small load of petrol and some have fuel for less than two hours at full power.

Hence if many more machines had been employed in the air review some of the fighters might have been running near to their petrol limit before they could get back to an aerodrome to refuel.

In the air there was another problem. Different types of machines have widely varying speeds and the movements of squadrons in the air had to be timed and co-ordinated so that they should join up into their proper positions, and arrive over Duxford at the right moment and at the correct intervals.

To this end the squadrons which left the ground first were allotted waiting areas where they could fly round until the others were ready to join up with them. The whole parade assembled over Bury St. Edmunds before proceeding to Duxford.

The whole jigsaw puzzle, however, fitted together perfectly. In fact the first machines arrived a few seconds early, and all the following squadrons were exactly in place.

The review certainly showed that, even if some of our machines are not so new as we should like them to be, the organisation and personnel of the R.A.F. are second to none, and one felt proud that many foreign officers in uniform were there to see what the R.A.F. can do.

WIMBLEDON SUMMED UP (Cont. from p. 44)

and Miss Round) and a pair (Mr. and Mrs. Hopman), but so much less brilliant was the pair that the individuals won.

One might wish that Perry did not think it necessary to administer a consolatory pat, stroke, smile, or chin-chuck every time his partner lost a point. He is quite good enough to realise that the audience are well assured that he will probably equalise on the next shot, without such regrettable gestures.

One word on the men's final. Gottfried von Cramm produced tennis less good than usual; Perry transcended his customary supremacy: hence a straight set victory.

IN TOWN THIS WEEK: *Left*—John Russell, "America's Douglas Byng," who has returned to the Mayfair Cabaret after three years' absence in the United States, where his intimate songs have proved a great attraction. *Right*—Alanova, who has been giving a short series of dance recitals at His Majesty's Theatre. In one of her performances she mimed the part of Joan of Arc with great skill

A word of congratulation to Yamayishi of Japan and Signorina Valerio of Italy for their victories in the "Plates."

Forward, now, to the two great cups: Wightman and Davis. Dorothy Round—wisely—has resigned from the former. Not only is her leg in need of rest, but she is in grave danger of becoming stale. So Kay Stammers, possibly, will play No. 1.

If she can win one match—presumably against one of the Helens—and Mrs. King can hold the odd single, we well might win. America has no double pair of note.

G. R.

THESE PACTS (Continued from p. 44)

issue its findings and the high contracting parties undertake to act in accordance with the recommendations of the Council provided that they are concurred in by all the members other than the representatives of the parties which have engaged in hostilities.

Any international lawyer could have a wonderful lark with this. First of all the avenging Powers have to satisfy themselves that the case for action has been made out. By that time the war might be over.

So much for Locarno. All this, be it remembered, was in the autumn of 1925—nearly ten years ago—and much has happened since then. One can only pick out outstanding landmarks. The Kellogg Pact, or Pact of Paris, in August, 1928. This was in reality no more than an act of piety performed by the governments of the United States of America, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, and Great Britain. The opening reads thus:—

Deeply sensible of their solemn duty to promote the welfare of mankind; persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated,

It then proceeds—in advance to curse with bell, book and candle all those who would not subscribe to its three articles.

And that was that. Yet millions of people were under the impression that war had been wiped out with the strokes of half-a-dozen pens.

It is obvious, however, that from the start the signatories to the Kellogg Pact had their own very considerable doubts, for this pact was followed the next month by the General Act of September 26, 1928. This Act is merely a series of directions as to the conduct which shall be observed in the pacific settlement of international disputes. In fact, it is just what it says it is, and did not advance peace by an inch.

However, as if this were not enough—as though the Covenant counted for nothing, as though the Kellogg Pact were a mere matter of beautiful words, and the Locarno Agreements mere scraps of paper—the Four Power Pact was introduced in June, 1933, between Germany, France, Great Britain, and Italy.

The following paragraph, suggestive of painful reiteration, explains this ill-fated Pact's purpose:

The High Contracting Parties will consult together as regards all questions which appertain to them. They undertake to make every effort to pursue, within the framework of the League of Nations, a policy of effective co-operation.

Nothing happened, except perhaps Stresa and "Collective Security," which in view of present contingencies are pathetic reading. This brings us to our present pass.

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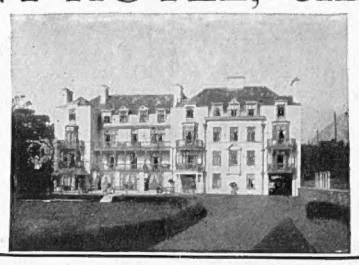

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

W., Hants. (Jamaica and South Africa).—The return 1st class fare from England to Jamaica by Fyffes Line is £50. For a winter stay there we think you would like Montego Bay which is a delightful resort on the coast. At the Chatham Hotel, which is situated in its own grounds with bathing beach, you would get terms for a long stay for from 5 gns. per week. A comfortable hotel in the suburbs of Kingston is the Roslyn Hall Hotel, Old Hope Road, Liguanea, terms from 4 gns. per week. The Union Castle Line are quoting very reduced fares for the return trip to South Africa during December, January, February and March. In this way the return 1st class fare would be £90, and you could travel out on the *Warwick Castle* on November 29, arriving in Cape Town on December 16. You could return by the *Balmoral Castle* on January 10 from Cape Town, or by paying a supplement of £9, return by the *Armadale Castle* from Cape Town on February 7. Rather than stay in Cape Town itself you would probably prefer to stay in one of the many attractive seaside resorts near the town. At the Clarenceville Hotel at Sea Point you would get terms for about £3 10s. per week.

W., Warwick (Austria).—Gmunden is a pretty resort on Traunsee, at a height of 1,395 ft. It can be reached in one hour and forty minutes by a fast train from Salzburg, changing at Attnang. Good bathing and boating can be had on the lake, while excursions can be made to Gmundner Berg, the Traun Fall, Laudach See, and Traunstein. A quiet hotel pension there is the Pension Elizabeth.

S., Somerset (Wales).—Your young friends would like Criccieth, which is situated on the south coast of Caernarvonshire in North Wales. There is good bathing there, and 18-hole golf course, and probably opportunities for riding. Criccieth is a good centre for motoring, as Snowdonia lies within easy reach, while day excursions can be made to Anglesey, Denbighshire, Lakes Bala and Vyrnwy, and the Plynlimmon district.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., London (Germany).—The spa of Bad Tolz is well known in Germany, though it has not so many foreign visitors as has for instance Baden-Baden or Wiesbaden. It is situated at a height of 2,296 ft. in the lower ranges of the Bavarian Alps, about one hour and twenty minutes by train from Munich. The surrounding country is very attractive, and offers much scope for interesting excursions. In the spa itself there are facilities for swimming, boating, tennis, and fishing. Three leading hotels in Bad Tolz are the Kurhotel Jodquellenhof, the Kurhotel Kaiserhof, and the Victoria, of which the Jodquellenhof charges from 7 to 14 marks per day, and the other two hotels slightly less. The German State Railways are granting a reduction of 60 per cent. on return tickets in their country, and with this reduction the return 2nd class fare from London to Munich via Harwich-Flushing would be about £8 5s. You would leave London at 10 a.m., arriving in Cologne at 10.39 p m., from where you could take a sleeper through to Munich, arriving there at 7.35 a.m.

B. Herts. (Edinburgh).—For your stay in Edinburgh we suggest the Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent. This private hotel is most comfortable and well run, and is situated in a quiet square about three minutes' walk from Princes Street, and therefore in a central position.

E., Surrey (Canary Isles). — The *Betancuria* of the Fred Olsen Line leaves London on August 13, arriving in Santa Cruz di Teneriffe on August 19. There is a homeward sailing by the *Bajamar* of the same line from Teneriffe on August 28, arriving back in London on September 4. The return 1st class fare ranges from £18. You would find Puerto Orotava, which is situated on the north side of Teneriffe, cooler than Santa Cruz which is on the south side. The mean temperature during August at the former is 73.3 Fah. and at the latter 78.1 Fah. The largest hotel in Puerto Orotava, The Grand Hotel Taoro is also the coolest during the summer months, as it is situated in a slightly elevated position, charges ranging from about 15s. per day. The Hotel Martianez, which is smaller, charges about 14s. per day.

E., Shropshire (France).—There are no spas on the coast of Normandy or Brittany where the taking of saline waters and sea bathing can be combined. The nearest thermal station to the coast is Forges-les-Eaux, with ferruginous radio-active waters, which is thirty-two miles from Dieppe. If you took your car you could, of course, stay in Dieppe and motor over to Forges-les-Eaux every day, though we think you would find a daily drive of sixty-four miles both inconvenient and monotonous. There are thermal baths at Biarritz, the waters being derived from a source which is the richest in the world in mineral salts, but, as you say, you would probably find it very hot in Biarritz in August. If you particularly wished to be on some coast which faces north there is Ostend on the Belgian coast, well known as a spa, where you could take radio-active waters.

M., Lancs. (Ireland).—Newcastle is one of the most attractive of the Irish seaside resorts, being situated on the coast of Co. Down at the foot of Slieve Donard, and overlooking the sea and the lovely Mourne Mountains. The district is excellent for walking, and many interesting motor-coach excursions can also be made. You would like the Slieve Donard Hotel at Newcastle.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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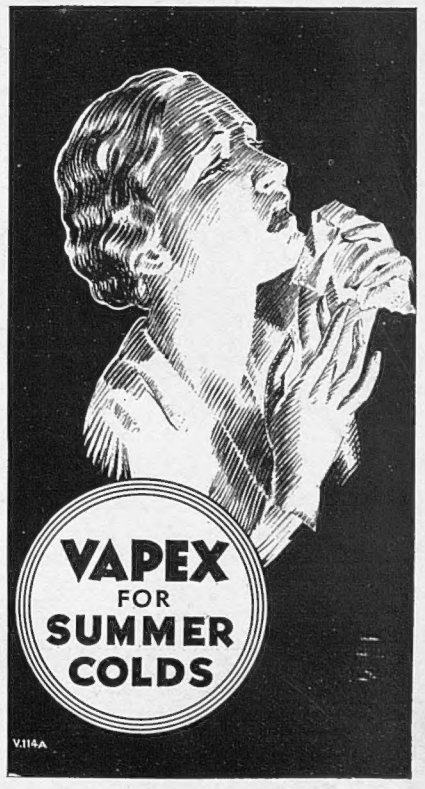

The Coldstream Guards. Formed as Monck's Regiment 1650. Marched to London after notorious sojourn at Coldstream and helped to restore monarchy 1660. Known as "Coldstreamers." In 1661 laid down arms, then solemnly took them up again in allegiance to the King and as the Lord General's Regiment of Foot Guards. Motto: "Nulli Secundus."

"Nulli Secundus" might well be the motto of "Black & White," the Whisky of Royal Appointment.

The Coldstream Guards

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FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

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